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*James Powrie*

**Account**

*James Powrie*

OF AN

**EIGHTEEN MONTHS' RESIDENCE**

AT THE

**CAPE OF GOOD HOPE,**

IN

**1885-6.**

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**BY JOHN FAWCETT,**

**H.E.I.C. MILITARY SERVICE.**

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"If I speak freely on the different topics I am to bring under review, it is also my design to speak candidly—to speak without giving unnecessary offence, but at the same time without fear or favor or compromise."—Rev. A. THOMPSON, D.D.

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**1886.**

*J. Powrie*



TO  
THE COLONISTS

OF

SOUTH AFRICA,

WITH A SINCERE DESIRE OF PROMOTING THEIR BEST  
AND HIGHEST INTERESTS,

THIS SMALL WORK

IS INSCRIBED,

BY THEIR FRIEND AND WELL-WISHER,

**The Author.**



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## Introduction.

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THE folly of men measuring themselves by themselves is sufficiently evident. It is by the standard of unerring truth, that our estimate ought to be formed; and, when this is done, how many errors and vices are detected in human conduct, the very existence of which was unsuspected! and how odious and malignant do those appear, which, though acknowledged to exist, are spoken of and treated as altogether venial! How slight and partial the feeling of the responsibility each man owes to God! How seldom remembered, or acknowledged in its practical bearings, the truth,—that “each one of us shall have to give an account of himself to God!” And how altogether neglected by the majority of nominal Christians that

regulation of the thoughts of the heart, as well as of the words of the mouth, which involves at once the character and the criterion of real Christianity!

Men have been betrayed into this recklessness of conduct, by living "*without God in the world*;" by allowing Satan to rob them of the present moment, and thus cheat them out of all their time; by dwelling on the future, and fleeing from the present; by counting on days and years yet to come in which many a fond hope is to be realized, but neglecting days and years as they pass, and realizing nothing. It is, because men forget that the present moment is all that they can call their own, and that to the performance of the duties of that moment the whole energies of the mind ought to be directed, that even legitimate plans for futurity are blasted, and mistakes incurred which it takes years to rectify. It is an artifice of Satan to persuade us that the present moment is the veriest trifle, and that the Great Being, before whom we are all one day to stand in judgment, will not surely notice the trifling incidents of which our lives are composed. He pictures to us the immensity by which we are surrounded; and, contrasting the insignificance of man, suggests the absurdity of his occupying the attention of the Eternal. He denies the truth of Scripture, that God has set his heart upon his people, that "*He visits them every morning, and tries them every moment*," that "*the very hairs of our heads are all numbered*," and that "*naked and open are the thoughts of our hearts unto the Great God with whom we have to do*." Satan thus dares to contradict eternal truth! And how distressing the fact, that man



believes him rather than God! The truth is, that to the divine mind that distinction is unknown, which we are apt to make with respect to passing events, considering some important and others insignificant. The Christian knows this; and it is his consolation to feel, amid the occurrences of the day, that *all* his steps are ordered and directed by unerring wisdom and unwearied love, and to commit himself to that grace which will enable him to meet his appointed trials, not only in a spirit of resignation to, but of sympathy with, the arrangements of his heavenly Father. It would be a happy and blessed thing if these fundamental truths of religion were more frequently proclaimed to the world, and if their power were better exhibited to men by every Christian walking under a sweet and solemn recognition of their reality and importance.

I have been led into these reflexions, as they stand in connexion with the execution of the little Work I have taken upon myself to write. I am desirous of cultivating a sense of deep and solemn responsibility with respect to the account I have one day to render; and I would earnestly desire grace and wisdom that I may so discharge this duty, that that account may be rendered with joy and not with grief. I would desire to cast the consideration of how men may treat this publication altogether into the shade, and, as the servant of the Lord, would so write, that I may advance His cause and the best interests of my fellow-men. But, while I remind myself of my own responsibility as to what I shall write, I feel it necessary to remind my reader that there lies at his door as deep a responsibility as to how he shall

treat the facts and considerations that may be brought under his review. He has an account likewise to render ; and, as to what he may consider the insignificant moment he bestows on the perusal of this work, that, like each moment which passes, is a link in his existence—bears upon the past and upon the future,—and brings with it good or evil, the approbation of conscience, or the turbulence and bitterness of a heart which condemns itself. May we, therefore, write and read respectively, as feeling ourselves accountable in this matter ; and may a spirit of candour and good-will pervade our minds, while for a little we communicate with each other respecting the affairs of the Cape of Good Hope.

ACCOUNT, &c.  
OF  
THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE  
IN 1835-6

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AFTER a residence of nearly sixteen years in India in the military service of the East India Company, I was visited by a severe attack of fever, from which, by the goodness of God, I recovered. My medical attendants, however, considered the nature of the attack, and the length of my residence in India, grounds sufficient to urge (though at considerable pecuniary loss) my visiting some climate more congenial to my constitution, where my health might be more fully re-established and confirmed. I embarked, accordingly, in January, 1835, with my family, on board the "Malabar," bound to this Colony and England; and, after a pleasant and rapid passage, reached Table Bay in safety. I was left here with the feeling of solitude among comparative strangers, while my wife and children voyaged on to their native land; and oft was my spirit pressed within me, and burdened by those painful apprehensions which such a separation will inspire, and which in my case were rendered more than trebly severe from the

extreme delicacy of my beloved partner's health. To have given way to the oppression that visited my spirit, would have been at once to have impeached the love and mercy of that blessed Being who ordereth the bounds of our habitation, and whose loving-kindness had so often proved better than my fears. I, therefore, took refuge in His grace, and was enabled to cast my heavy care on Him who careth for me. I sought, at the same time, to be active in His service, and began to enquire how I might be useful to my fellow-men in this colony, by leading them to know and love that God whose goodness and tender mercy were thus sustaining my heart and upholding my goings.

I had not to remain long in Cape Town before I heard of that distinguished and honored servant of the Lord, the Rev. Dr. Philip. One Sabbath evening I attended the services at Union Chapel, and heard him deliver a very impressive discourse from the words, "Lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God." When I left the chapel, I observed to a friend, "That is a fine preacher: he deserves the name of 'preacher.' How many content themselves with tamely reading their sermons, and *saying something about* the Gospel! But here is a man who *preaches* the Gospel." There was a boldness and manliness in his style, and an unction and impressiveness in his observations and appeals, that very much charmed me. Toward the close of his sermon he spoke to this effect.— "My friends, I have to ask you whether we are in the perilous days of which the Apostle here speaks. It will be well for us to make the inquiry. Paul here says, that

in the latter days of the church a body of men shall arise who shall be lovers of their own selves, but having a form of godliness; covetous, but with a form of godliness; boasters, proud, but very religious people; blasphemers, disobedient to parents, but a church-going people; unthankful, unholy, but having this form of godliness; without natural affection, truce-breakers, false accusers, but very religious men; incontinent, fierce, despisers of those that are good, but with this form of godliness; traitors, heady, high-minded, lovers of pleasure more than lovers of God,—having a form of godliness, but denying the power thereof. From such turn away.”\* I was resolved on forming his acquaintance, and called to pay my respects to him; and, if he had gained my heart by what I saw of him in the pulpit, this was more confirmed by the fascination of personal and private intercourse. I found him a man of large and enlightened views, and was particularly pleased with that part of his conversation which turned on the great and good men of my own country. I had heard of them, or read their works, before, and could not fail to admire them; but the special incidents and traits of character which he brought forward in connexion with them, threw a new charm, and a new light, on their attractive excellences.

At the close of our interview, the Doctor requested my assistance at a meeting of the Temperance Society that was to be held at his chapel on the following evening. The American Missionaries, lately arrived for the purpose of establishing two new missions in South Africa, were expected to be present; and, while they furnished information

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\* 2 Tim iii. 1—5.

regarding the advance of the temperance cause in America, the people, it was thought, would be happy to hear what was doing relative to the same cause in India. The meeting was of a very interesting nature; and the report of what had been effected in America was highly encouraging. I followed the American Missionaries in an address, in which I was led to combat some of the objections that were usually urged against the Temperance Society; and, from the high and important services it had now rendered to the world, suggested the idea that we had too long stood on the defensive, and that it was now high time for the church, in this and other of her endeavours, to put on her strength, to be up and doing, to go forward, and valiantly attack her enemies.

I had ever thought that drunkenness had in India reached the summit of its destructiveness, but I had yet to see a still more awful display of its alarming, lamentable, and debasing, effects as exhibited in South Africa. Here brandy and brandied wine can be obtained almost for the asking; and here canteens abound in every town, village-road, and by-way. The farmers, as in all vinous countries, are a sober race of people; but the English settlers (I speak of the lower orders and immigrants) are caught by the cheapness with which they can procure these intoxicating poisons, and give themselves up to unlimited indulgence in the use of them. The mind of the philanthropist is truly cast down and distressed, when he contemplates the position of a vast proportion of his countrymen, who are going rapidly down to the grave and to everlasting destruction, and who, while they tarry here, are but

a nuisance to society, and the cause of distress and misery to themselves and their families. I never yet saw or heard of a canteen being kept by any of the colored population of the colony. Some are kept by Dutchmen; but the greater part of them (with shame I write it) are kept by Englishmen. The lamentable effects of them, however, on the colored population, the reader will be informed of as he proceeds with the narrative. The Hottentot had been sufficiently degraded before; but canteens have brought on him a ruin and debasement still more distressing. His character has been thus faithfully and beautifully pourtrayed by the late lamented Thomas Pringle.

Mild, melancholy, and sedate, he stands  
 Tending another's flocks upon the fields,  
 His father's once, where now the White Man builds  
 His home, and issues forth his proud commands.  
 His dark eye flashes not; his listless hands  
 Support the Boor's huge fire-lock—but the shields  
 And quivers of his race are gone: he yields,  
 Submissively, his freedom and his lands.  
 Has he no courage? Once he had—but, lo!  
 The felon's chain hath worn him to the bone.  
 No enterprise? Alas! the brand—the blow—  
 Have humbled him to dust—his hope is gone!  
 "He's a base-hearted hound, not worth his food;"  
 His master cries—"He has no *gratitude*!"

Yes, this is a true and lamentable picture of the estimation a race of men are held in by the great majority of the colonists. I trust, however, ere I close my narrative, to interest the feelings of my reader in their behalf, by giving my humble testimony to their worth and excellence. I hope to show that they, indeed, and in truth, have every virtue and noble quality which are held in estimation among



men, and that, above all, the religion of Jesus has found its way to their hearts, and has produced those fruits of righteousness and peace by which the true reception of it is ever accompanied.

#### WYNBERG.

This Village, distant eight miles from Cape Town, was pointed out to me as affording an opportunity of rendering myself useful. It enjoyed none of the benefits of a resident minister of the Gospel; but several benevolent individuals were endeavouring to meliorate its condition, and stem, if possible, the torrent of iniquity, that at one time prevailed among the English, and is yet degrading the colored population. I accordingly proceeded thither, and took up my abode with several friends belonging to the Company's Service, who were visiting the colony on account of their health.

Mr. Walters, of the Bengal Civil Service, had just instituted a Friendly Society in the village, and, with his usual activity, was collecting funds in aid of its support. He was, at the same time, rendering his assistance to the Sabbath Schools, Temperance Society, and other objects tending to promote the general improvement of the village. Wynberg has been much favoured by the repeated visits and exertions of gentlemen and ladies from India; and considerable improvement, I am informed, has taken place in its condition. Drunkenness has been in some measure suppressed; and Sabbath-breaking is not so prevalent as it once was. To Mr. Underwood and Deck of the Madras Service the village is under very great obligations. I



never remember entering any of the cottages of the poor, but they spoke of these gentlemen with feelings of affection and gratitude; and I do think that an impression has been made on the people, which, if followed up by special and repeated visitation, will issue in the most beneficial results.

Mr. B. Shaw, a Wesleyan Missionary, now resides at Wynberg; and the villagers attend the chapel on the Sabbath evening in considerable numbers. I have not heard of any conversions to God having taken place at Wynberg; but we know that, when the gospel is faithfully preached, the word does not return unto the Lord void.

The Wesleyans at Wynberg, now that they have collected a large congregation, and entirely from the poorer classes, will best evidence, both in the pulpit and in their private visiting, their desire to do real good, not by endeavouring to extend among them the influence of their "connexion" with its peculiar and erroneous tenets, but by laboring for the conversion and salvation of their souls. This will lead their christian brethren to expect and pray for a blessing, and enable them to rejoice in contemplating them as fellow-workers with the ministers of Christ in the grand object to which they ought continually to aspire.

The Church of England at Wynberg is her own enemy, as she is almost everywhere else;—does little herself;—and, though she cannot prevent, both feels and expresses regret at what is done by others. Oh! when will the day come that her ministers will see the folly of this narrow suicidal policy. Our nation would never have been in the divided

state in which it is on church government, had it not been for the sectarian spirit of the high-church party. They unwittingly are doing all in their power to bring an institution to the ground that has been blessed of God to extensive good, and, having all the elements of a pure and scriptural confession of faith, is yet calculated to be, and I trust through God's mercy will one day be, an efficient instrument for diffusing the sweet influence of pure and holy doctrine through the length and breadth of the land. But, ere that day dawns upon her, she must rise to the circumstances under which we are all living: she must learn to cast away, as unworthy of her, all exclusiveness: she must learn to spread her arms wide, and delight to see the cause of God prospering by whatever instrument: she must learn in spirit to forbid none whom the Lord is evidently blessing: she must renounce all those very questionable claims of being the very Apostolic church which at once would cast every other church, both in our own nation and in other great countries, into the shade: and, above all, she must see to it, that love for the souls of men—love to Christ who hath purchased them with his blood, and not love of filthy lucre—be the grand incentive for entering her ministry. It is their departure from all this that has made the established churches, both Dutch and English, in this colony, and throughout the world, first the receptacle, and then the safeguard, and, in a great measure, the source, of that "form of godliness without the power," which is at once the mark and the foul dishonor of the age in which we live.

Before quitting Wynberg it would be ungenerous not to mention the obligation the village is under to Dr.

Okes, who, from disinterested and praise-worthy solicitude for its welfare, attends every Sabbath morning and performs divine service. For the trouble and expense of coming from Cape Town I have never heard that he receives any remuneration, but hope this will not continue to be his position, as the laborer is certainly worthy of his hire.

The Sabbath school in connexion with the Church of England is a very interesting little assembly, and owes its high character to the benevolent and unwearied exertions of some of the ladies and gentlemen of the village. The blessing of the Lord has accompanied these exertions; and they have been instrumental, not only in instructing the young, but in bringing a few of them to the cordial reception of the truths of the Gospel. May the seed thus sown be continually watered by their services, and may they find in the day of the Lord "that their labors have not been in vain in the Lord."

During my stay at Wynberg, both that village and Stellenbosch were without any regular resident English Minister. At the request of Mr. B. Shaw, I was induced occasionally to exhort the people from the word of God, and publicly to lead their devotional exercises, at both these places. Had I, however, then known what manner of people the Wesleyans are, I should have hesitated, and been more careful how I committed myself to act in concert with a section of the church, which, to say the least, is not sound in the faith, nor built on the grand foundation of doctrine on which the churches of the reformation stand. That many of their preachers and mem-

bers are humble, pious, men, and that they often declare saving truth, and pray according to it, is not denied: but these things are so, not in consequence of their system, but in spite of it; and that men holding such a system should fall into the errors that will presently be exposed, can be considered neither strange nor unnatural.

Regarding my having acceded to Mr. Shaw's proposal, many may feel their prejudices excited, and may disapprove of my conduct as an unnecessary intrusion into duties to the performance of which there are persons specially appointed. For my own part, I have never heard a well-grounded objection against the excellence of a practice that appears to have characterized both the ancient Jewish and the primitive Christian Church. In the former, we find Joshua a soldier and likewise a preacher, David, and Solomon, and others; and in the Christian Church we read of Cornelius, the devout soldier, and of there being in those days apostles, prophets, evangelists, pastors, teachers, governors, helpers. The practice, at the same time, is sufficiently guarded from abuse by the undeniable right each minister has over his own pulpit: for we can scarcely suppose a minister requesting a layman to address his congregation, unless he was satisfied that the individual had the requisite gifts and graces. Nor can it be argued, with any show of reason, that a person, in performing these duties, interferes with the ministry. Their peculiar duties are those of exercising discipline and administering the sacraments; and with these the lay-preacher presumes not to interfere. A minister who felt rightly, and was duly impressed with the abundance of labor and

the paucity of laborers, would rejoice to avail himself of assistance towards the performance of that to which it is impossible that he himself can give adequate attention. The apostle Peter, speaking of the church in his days, quotes nearly the words of Moses,\* and tells Christians that they are "a holy priesthood." We know that Moses, under the old dispensation, wished all the Lord's people were prophets; and we find an inspired apostle, under the new, reiterating the sentiment, and confirming the truth which stands connected with it. I enter into this explanation of my views, as the reader will frequently hear of my *preaching*, as he accompanies me in my journey through the colony.

After residing at Wynberg about eight months, it occurred to me that, as circumstances appeared to combine in favor of my remaining over another winter at the Cape, it would be a pleasant and profitable manner of spending my time, were I to take a trip into the interior, and proceed towards the frontier, as circumstances might direct. No sooner was it generally known that I purposed taking this tour, than a report was spread abroad, all over Cape Town, that I was going to the frontier as an emissary of Dr. Philip's. This was communicated to me by a friend, who asked if I was really going to interfere with the politics of the colony. I could not help feeling amazed at his simplicity, and replied, that, so far from being an emissary of Dr. Philip's to the frontier, or to the colony generally, I was not aware that I should proceed farther than

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\* Exodus xix, 5 and 6. 1 Peter ii. 9.

Stellenbosch;—that I intended to be guided entirely by circumstances;—that I felt a melancholy foreboding with respect to tidings from England, and that I trusted by travelling to get my mind diverted and refreshed. He remarked that I was leaving an important sphere of usefulness here, and offered other arguments to detain me. I observed that a sphere of usefulness might be found wherever any part of the family of man resided. And, as to politics, I had no idea of interfering with them, nor was I aware of any question in the colony that could be considered a political one; that the cause of humanity and religion, however, would always find in me a steady friend, whoever should be on the opposite side, and whatever aspect their opposition might assume.

My arrangements were completed by the middle of October; and I started with my friend, Mr. C. F. Thomson, of the Bengal Civil Service, a gentleman who, to high literary and classical attainments, joined a suavity of manners, and a kindness and disinterestedness, that constituted him an agreeable and intelligent companion, and made even his uncouth bullock wagon and bell-tent scenes of comfort, as well as abodes of independence. All the various privations and incidents, that occurred to try the temper, served also to enliven the dull monotony of South African travelling, and to render our companionship still more agreeable. Our chief comfort, however, was derived from a higher source; and I do trust that, when we knelt, with our servants, at our family altar in the wilderness, we were regarded by the Hearer of prayer, and that the supplications we offered, and the instructions we received from the



sacred scriptures, will prove to have been profitable to us all.

The first place of any importance we reached was

### GENADENDAL,

a Moravian Hottentot settlement, which has been so frequently described, and whose localities are so well known, that I feel it unnecessary to say more than that the statements before the public are generally correct. Mr. Hallbeck, the superintendent of the institution, speaks English remarkably well, and readily communicates any information to those who visit the place. The rest of the missionaries speak only German and Dutch; and all the services of the chapel, and the exercises of the schools, are conducted in the latter of these languages.

There is always in my mind a great reluctance to speak of a place like Genadendal, unless the delightful task is to speak a word of commendation. There is indeed much to approve and love in this quiet retired nook far away from the bustle of an angry world; and the scenes of comfort, which the industry of the missionaries and the inhabitants of the village has planted, are of a very pleasing character. Yet we expect something far beyond this; and I looked for that spirituality that elsewhere was conspicuous, without being struck by its existence here. I attribute this in a great measure to the system of the Moravians, and to their omission, in their services, of the important exercise of prayer, which forms but a very slight portion of their religious services generally, and in some of them is omitted altogether.

Travellers find here very miserable accommodation ; and they are neglected by the missionaries, who see so many visitors that doubtless they often find them an interruption. Generally no distinction is made: the visitor is, immediately on his arrival, conducted to a miserable hut, and seated at an old deal plank table, on which many have immortalized themselves by cutting their names.

The Hottentots are assembled every evening, when they engage in singing. They hear, on some occasions, an exhortation, and, at others, have a book read to them. To each day of the week there is appointed a particular service, and the routine is adhered to with the greatest precision. On Sabbath mornings a service is performed somewhat resembling the litany of the Church of England, but deficient of its beauty and spirituality: it is agreeably enlivened, however, by the delightful manner in which many of the responses are sung by the Hottentots.

The missionaries, during the week, are employed at their various trades, by which they more than support the institution. The articles which they manufacture, though good, are certainly not sold at the lowest prices. There is a very good infants' school, which is ably conducted by Mr. Hallbeck ; but he was unfortunately absent, and I saw it under disadvantage. The children of the upper school appeared very orderly and attentive, receiving the usual instruction in reading, writing, and arithmetic.

The farmers in the vicinity appeared to tolerate this institution rather than those of the London Missionary Society: but they complained that they were greatly in want of servants, and that those they procured from Genaden-



dal seldom remained more than a month ; when they manifested a desire to return to the institution.

I found the farmers of the colony a kind-hearted, hospitable, and friendly, set of men, especially the Dutch, and cannot reflect on my tour without remembering how readily, on all occasions, they assisted me in my necessities, and forwarded my wishes. They have usually large families, and their first inquiries are, whether you are married ; how old you are ; how many children you have ; where your wife is ? Some of the farmers' wives were quite astonished, when I told them that my wife was in England, and declared they would never allow their husbands to go from them in that manner. I explained to them the cause that had separated me from my wife ; and they appeared satisfied. They invariably received the tracts I gave them with thankfulness, but could not understand how a captain in the army should distribute tracts. One farmer's wife declared I was a missionary : I assured her that I was not, and that I would not tell an untruth on any account. She then asked, what I would do with the Kaffers ?—I replied, I would send them instructors and ministers, and endeavour to make them like other civilized nations. “ Oh, then,” she replied, “ now I know you are a missionary and a friend of Dr. Philip.” I assured her I was no missionary, but a captain. She became warm ; and her husband interfered in a very kind manner, remonstrating against his guest being so treated. We then shook hands, and became great friends ; and, on parting, she requested me to send her a new testament of good print, which I took an early opportunity of doing.

One or two additional scenes with these kind simple folks will probably assist in illustrating their character. After the usual questions, they asked me the news. I informed them that there was nothing of any particular consequence, but that I had the last Cape paper in my pocket, if that would be acceptable. They expressed thanks; and I handed them the Advertiser edited by Mr. Fairbairn. I observed the farmer becoming very excited while he was reading, and began to reflect on having thus inadvertently offended his prejudices. He had scarcely read a minute longer, when he took off his spectacles, and, looking very fiercely at me, thundered out, "Dr. Philip is een groote schelm," (Dr. Philip is a great scoundrel:)—and then, calling to a little man in black in the next room, who was in immediate attendance, he handed him the newspaper with the observation—"Here look at this; there is Mr. Fairbairn now going to liberate all the slaves in America!" The man read the paper with considerable composure, and gave it as his deliberate opinion that that was the very object Mr. Fairbairn aimed at. After this my host could hardly be civil to me. I gave him some tracts, which he received with cool indifference, paid him his charge, and took my departure.

At our halting ground one day I met a Dutch boor\* who spoke English remarkably well. I offered him some tracts. After looking over one of them, he said, "Ah! I suppose you are a friend of Dr. Philip." Desirous of seeing what his opinions of this excellent man were, I replied, "Yes, I am a friend of Dr. Philip."

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\* Farmer.

*B.* He is a scoundrel and a rascal.

*F.* I will allow no man to call my friend a rascal and scoundrel. Pray, what has Dr. Philip ever done to warrant your using such language?

The farmer was silent. I insisted on a reply.

*B.* Why, he has abused my nation.

*F.* Abused your nation? Why, my nation has often been abused; but I do not consider people rascals and scoundrels for that. There are many things that are very legitimate objects of attack in my nation, and I suppose yours is not exempt? Scoundrel and rascal are strong terms, and you are not warranted, on the grounds you allege, to apply such words to Dr. Philip.

*B.* I don't know that, Sir; but I should like nothing better than to have Dr. Philip and Mr. Fairbairn at my estate,—put them into the lime-kiln,—and set fire to it.

*F.* Pray, what is your religion?

*B.* (After a little confusion) Oh! Sir, I know what you allude to. I ought to forgive my enemies.—I am a Christian, to be sure.

*F.* A Christian! That is a person who loves Christ: and, if a man does not love his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?

*B.* Yes, that is all true. But I cannot forgive these two men. They have liberated the slaves, and ruined all the farmers

*F.* They must be very wonderful persons, to have so much influence as to get England to pay twenty millions for the liberation of the slaves.

*B.* Yes, they must certainly. Pray, Sir, who are you?

*F.* I am Captain Fawcett.

*B.* I beg your pardon, Sir: I thought you were some friend of Dr. Philip's.

*F.* Well, so I am.

*B.* Yes, Sir; but I thought you belonged to the colony. I shall be very happy to see you at my farm, if you will call and see me.

*F.* But you will perhaps put me into the lime-kiln.

He assured me he would not, but would treat me well, if I would call. So, after some further conversation, we parted tolerable friends.

This feeling is kept up among the farmers by a vile colonial newspaper called the "Zuid-Afrikaan," and by its sister print the "Graham's Town Journal,"—two publications that are at once the disgrace and the curse of the colony.

The farmers of South Africa call loudly on Christians to exert themselves in their behalf. It may be asked, what is the colonial church about, that is kept up at such an expense? I answer, slumbering and sleeping. At her door, at the door of all the established churches in this colony, there lies a deep and solemn responsibility, which has been hitherto fearfully neglected; but may we hope that they shall yet awake to a sense of that responsibility, and become efficient instruments for the spiritual improvement of all classes of the community of whatever name, caste, or color?

Such has been the pride, worldliness, and indolence, of

the ministers of established churches, that many have been led, from the abuses, errors, and low religious state, into which they have fallen, to argue against the lawfulness or necessity of their existence at all. Into this I do not wish to be betrayed; for I hold the principle that a nation is bound to provide for the public worship of God, and the education of the people. Take this blessed and powerful instrument out of the magistrate's hand, and what weapon has he left to wield against prevailing iniquity? Yet still I never will join the clamour (for it is nothing else) that is prevalent in certain quarters regarding the voluntary system. While I plead for the obligation that rests upon a Government to provide for the religious necessities of its subjects, I hold that Government ought to rejoice, and the church in connexion with Government ought to rejoice, that the people are themselves rendering so valuable an assistance in the cause in which they are professedly engaged. Government alleges that it has not the means of providing for the wants of all: then let it encourage all. Let the one object be kept steadily in view—the salvation of immortal souls—for which the Blessed Saviour shed His blood. Let the want of laborers be remembered. Let the desire of gain be banished from the sanctuary. Let the minister of the church in connexion with the Government, and the minister in connexion with the people, join, with one heart and one soul, in the great and responsible work that lies before them. Let party names be lost sight of, so long as the various denominations of Christians adhere to the word of God, on which the established churches of Scot-

land, England, and Holland, have been built,—churches whose orthodoxy, in point of fundamentals, has never been impugned. Let errors, that have been pointed out and acknowledged, be rectified. Let each try, not who shall be counted greatest among men, but who shall be most humble, most diligent, most faithful, most laborious. Let the inquiry be with whom the spirit of Christ and of love especially dwells, and where most souls are born again—born “sons of God, and inheritors of the kingdom of Heaven.” When these eternally-important points shall occupy the attention of the Catholic Church, then will a spirit of prayer and supplication rest upon her: “then shall she look forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners.” But, on the other hand, while she cultivates that exclusive spirit, which in heart says,—“We forbid thee, because thou followest not with us,” then are the character and effect of our churches those which we have already noticed;—they “have a form of godliness; but they deny the power.”

My reader will observe that I have no intention to relate my daily adventures to him, and gravely announce that, on the fourteenth of November, I rose early,—found it was raining, and the river full—so called for breakfast, which consisted of &c. &c. and all the other interesting particulars that stand in connexion with such a subject. My object, he will perceive, is to seize some of the leading facts that I have observed, and some of the powerful impressions that have been made on my mind, during my late journey, and to endeavour honestly and faithfully to



relate those facts and to convey those impressions. Without, therefore, teasing his patience by letting him know how many hours I travelled yesterday,—or how I travelled,—or by what road,—or what food sustained animal existence, here we are at—

### SWELLENDAM.

There is a dreary sameness of scenery, if indeed scenery it may be called, between Cape Town and Swellendam. The country however, near the Bang Hoek, is pretty, and enlivened by many picturesque farms. These are thickly scattered over the plain that opens upon you, as you leave Stellenbosch, and round the corner of its beautiful mountain Simon's Berg. The traveller then ascends the French Hoek pass, and there certainly he may gaze upon scenery at once grand, savage, and romantic. But the rest of the country is a dull matter-of-fact sort of thing,—neither grand, nor beautiful. The ground is covered with heath; and one round hill after another is to be surmounted with very little variation. The superficies of the country, on account of its hilly form, is of vast extent; and often is the traveller able to descry the point, at which he expects to find refreshment and repose, many hours before he can obtain either. He vainly persuades himself that the desired point will soon be reached: but no; he has to ascend many a height, and gallop over many a plain: all the while the tiresome place stares him in the face, and seems to say, "Only one gallop more, and you reach me": he gallops up another acclivity, and down another descent; still the desired spot stands at a distance,

and seems to mock all his efforts to enter or approach it.— There is not a stream of water thus far, that deserves the name of a river, though, in the mind of the Africander, every streamlet swells into significance, and, in his language, bears that name.

Swellendam is a quiet retired village of considerable extent, and contains many respectable houses. It is at present blessed with a faithful and active minister of the Gospel, who not only labours in the village, but exercises a very vigilant superintendence over the immense tract of country committed to his pastoral care. Mr. Thompson, of the Bengal Civil Service, with myself, remarked, among the Swellendam farmers, a general steadiness of character, a respect for religion, and, among some, an interest in its truths, which it would have delighted us to have found prevalent wherever we travelled. May the blessing of God rest upon Mr. Robertson; and may he, and the church over which he presides, partake abundantly of that grace, by which alone they will be able to show forth the loving-kindness of the Lord.

#### **ZUURERAAK, or CALEDON INSTITUTION.**

This is one of the London Missionary Society's institutions, and the first I visited. Mr. Helm, the pious, humble, pastor of the people of this place, appears well adapted for his situation. He has reached the evening of life, and begins to feel the effects of former severe labors and exposure beyond the colonial boundary; and now, having no small difficulties to contend with, and no small disappoint-



ments to endure, he appeared in some measure grieved and dispirited.

In speaking of the Hottentots, he said that there were some residing on the institution who lived on their wits,—who watched their more industrious companions, when they returned home with the fruit of their labors, and had wherewithal to provide a comfortable meal,—and who threw themselves in the way at such times to share in the spoil. If twice or thrice a week they could thus obtain a repast, roots and other rough productions of the earth, were made to suffice for their nourishment, until another such favorable opportunity occurred at which they could again eat the bread of idleness.

Mr. Helm has collected a church of about sixty members, and so far has ground of encouragement; and it is to be hoped, that, by their example and counsel, most of the evils, whose existence we now deplore, will be removed. Many of the Hottentots were living in miserable huts; and hording together in such places cannot be looked upon but as highly prejudicial to their moral improvement. By the unceasing exertions of Mr. Helm, the walls of about twenty houses are built, and four or five houses completed, and inhabited. They are built in regular order, and, occupying a considerable space, give the appearance of a respectable looking street.

I preached to the people through interpretation: they were very attentive; and there was a pleasing number in attendance. I quitted the place feeling much for Mr. Helm. One of his sons superintends the upper school in a miserable building which it is impossible to ventilate. The

infants' school taught by Mrs. D. Helm, is provided with no building, and accordingly meets in the church. It had been in existence only a short time; but the progress of the children was very creditable. The chapel is a very neat appropriate building in the form of a cross. The farmers in the vicinity are in the habit of attending the services conducted in it on the Lord's day. The friendly disposition toward such an institution beginning to be manifested in this district is of a very pleasing and encouraging nature; and it would be well if the same disposition were both exemplified and promoted by pastors and people in all other parts of the colony. It cannot be said, however, that anything is very flourishing here; and this weighs very heavily on Mr. Helm's mind. He needs the prayers of the people of God, that he may be sustained and comforted in the midst of his trials.

#### **PACALTSDORP.**

This was the next institution I visited. It is situated in the district of George, and within half an hour's ride of George Town. It is pitched on a commanding spot of ground, but, being dependent wholly on the rains for its supplies of water, suffers very much in seasons of drought. I visited the place during a remarkably favorable season; and the country around was looking beautiful and cheering. The first thing that attracts attention in approaching Pacaltsdorp is the church, which is a very respectable stone building surmounted by a tower. The school rooms here are good; and both the upper school and the infants'

school are conducted in a very creditable manner, and the children evidence much liveliness and intelligence.

Mr. Anderson, the missionary in charge of this institution, is the oldest of the London Missionary Society's agents in South Africa. He is now between sixty and seventy years of age, but manifests all the life and energy of a man of forty. He is a servant of the Lord who has endured, in the discharge of his ministry, many trials and privations, and who seems only to have profited the more from all that he has done and suffered in his Master's cause. He has likewise a church of sixty members, among whom are to be found some very lively and active Christians. I preached repeatedly to them, and felt great delight in doing so. Besides their intrinsic worth and excellence, I felt drawn to love and befriend them, from the very contempt in which it was evident that Europeans held them.

One evening, while attending the services of the church at Pacaltsdorp, I was much struck by the wonderful fluency with which the Hottentots give utterance to the feelings of their hearts. In reference to this, one person in particular attracted my attention. He was called upon to pray, and engaged, and continued, in the exercise for some time. Suddenly he broke off, exclaiming, "I cannot pray," and commenced addressing his fellow-worshippers with great animation and at considerable length. No one attempted to resume his seat, but all stood and listened with fixed attention to what had so unexpectedly arrested them in their petitions. The address being in Dutch, I was unable to understand its terms, and could

judge of it only by the manner, and apparent flow, of the speaker. From these indications, it appeared to me a burst of vehement and overpowering eloquence. Mr. Anderson, very obligingly, afterwards drew up the substance of what was spoken. The following is a copy :

*“ Pacaltsdorp, 14th Nov. 1835.*

“At our special Prayer-meeting last Monday evening, we were agreeably surprised by an unusual occurrence :— One of our church members (Jonas Bertha) was called upon to pray. After a few words in prayer, expressing the necessity of having the heart engaged, he suddenly turned himself towards the assembly, and said—‘ Yes, my brothers and sisters, our hearts must be upright : we pray ; but how is our walk ? of what use are our prayers, if our walk is not good ? I have no freedom to approach to God : we say we are weak, and then sit down expecting that nothing will be required of us. I am not mighty in the scriptures, or I would bring to your recollection many things. Why are we told of the woman that was changed to a pillar of salt ? of the talents ? and many other things ? The same iniquity is in us : our hearts are deceitful. If we are brought to the knowledge of the truth at twenty, and live to be an hundred years old, and learn something every day, we could not find out the deceitfulness of our hearts. If you were to take away each grain of sand from the sea-shore, there would be in time an end ; but there is no end to the evil of the heart. We say we are weak, because, if weak, no one will ask us to

lift a heavy weight. We see sin in the midst of us, and we hide it, because we say, we are weak, and one day we shall be in the same situation; therefore we are careful of telling of each other. One candle gives some light; but, when many candles are lighted up, there is then much light,—every thing is seen. Sin cannot hide itself then—but we do not shine—it is dark. When we hear our teacher's voice declaring the word, or when we hear the bell ring, it should make us remember that God calls upon us not only to repentance from our sins, but that our light may shine before men. Our teachers are but men like ourselves; but they have a message from God to us, and it is at our peril if we refuse or slight it. When God says, Jerusalem! Jerusalem! he did not mean the city, but the men in the city: when he says, Pacaltsdorp! Pacaltsdorp! it means the people—all of us. When our child does wrong, we chasten him with a small twig; but, as he grows up, we take a longer. We have been chastised lightly; but, if we harden our hearts, the chastisement will be greater. We pity our friends who are still absent in Kafferland! yes, I pity them too. I have a son there. But, if they come home, what will they see here? Now we pray, because they are in trouble.—We do not pray, because we are not sensible of evil or danger!”

I shall long remember the happy days I spent at Pacaltsdorp. How sweetly sounded those infant hymns of praise that were borne upon the air, as it passed my window from the infants' school! How was one pleasing association after another awakened in the mind, while contemplating a place that appeared to bear upon it the stamp of “glory

to God in the highest, and peace and good-will to man " ! How delightful was it to accompany Mr. Anderson to nearly every cottage and hut of the institution, and to listen to the experience, to minister to the wants, and in prayer to sympathize with the afflictions, of the members of Christ's body, who, though poor in this world, were rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which " the Lord has promised to them that love him " ! May the Lord add daily to his church at Pacaltsdorp such as shall be saved ; and may grace, mercy, and peace, from God the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Spirit, be its portion and joy.

#### GEORGE TOWN.

It is here " like priest like people ; " and folly and dissipation, accordingly, are very apparent. I repeatedly held religious services in the Infants' school-room of this town ; and the people attended in considerable numbers. On these occasions, I endeavoured faithfully to point out to them their vices, and particularly that of drunkenness, which had reached a very alarming height in the town. The people expressed themselves gratified by my visit, but have since become very angry on account of a letter that appeared in the newspapers, which mentioned their failings by way of contrast with what was doing at Pacaltsdorp. It is hoped that good will yet arise from all the ferment excited by that letter, and that conscience will not longer be allowed to slumber over neglected duties and indulged vices.

The town is about the size of Swellendam, and, lying



close under the mountain, enjoys abundance of rain. There is a church building; but I do not expect it will ever be finished. The Government school is by no means in a prosperous state; nor are most of the government schools in the colony. It is lamentable to see how the benevolent intentions of government are frustrated, either by the prejudices of the people, or the inefficiency of its agents. It is hoped, however, that, as this state of things has now attracted the attention, and called forth the exertions, of the School Commission, it will not long continue.

Leaving George Town, I passed over the Cradock mountain, and found it about as insurmountable a hill as ever a four-wheel drag had to ascend. I felt thankful, when I saw the difficulties the wagons which I passed had to contend with, that I was not encumbered with one. On reaching the other side of the mountain, I entered the Long Kloof. It is about two hundred miles in length, and not even the widest part more than two miles broad. The road lies in the middle; and the two mountains on each side presented a tiresome sameness for the five or six days it took me to travel through it. The farmers in this district are civil, and moderate in their charges. Most of them are respectable men; and they seem willing to attend to religious instruction. They are dreadfully neglected, however, in this matter; and I felt very much oppressed that it was out of my power to converse with them. I could only minister to their spiritual necessities by distributing tracts among them, which, I am happy to say, were always thankfully received.

After quitting the Kloof and the Kromme River, as the



stream is called, over which he has frequently to pass, the traveller enters the district of Uitenhage. He is now liberated from the tedious and confined prospect between the two long mountains of the Kloof, and he finds himself again in a country that is open, and occasionally pretty. A little beyond the Chamtoo's River, (which, sixty years, ago, was the boundary of the colony) in the midst of a beautiful green plain covered with mimosa bush, on a little eminence, there bursts upon the view the Missionary Station of

#### HANKEY.

The pleasing impression, that rested on my mind, of the progress Christianity had made among the Hottentots, was confirmed and enhanced by finding myself once more at another Missionary Institution. Here I had an opportunity of observing that a work of grace upon the soul of man is always and only to be discovered by the infallible sign of its making him a new creature, giving him new principles to guide him, new hopes to cheer him, new associates to sympathize with and to love, and a new and spiritual world in which to live and rejoice.—This wonderful transformation is accordingly described, in the powerful language of scripture, as “opening men’s eyes, turning them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them which are sanctified by faith that is in Christ :” and, when any one of our fellow-men becomes the subject of this saving change, whether he be an En-

glishman or a Dutchman or a Hottentot (his nation is a matter of no moment—God is no respecter of persons) he realizes all these great and glorious blessings: and, when this vast transformation shall take place with respect to all men, “then shall judgment dwell in the wilderness, and righteousness remain in the fruitful field; then shall the work of righteousness be peace, and the effect of righteousness quietness and assurance for ever; and then shall the people of the Lord dwell in a peaceful habitation and in sure dwellings, and quiet resting-places.”

I did not reach Hankey till midnight, owing to the length of my day's journey, and from having, after night-fall, missed my way. I was received with great kindness and cordiality by Mr. and Mrs. Melville, who, having been made aware of my approach, had made every preparation in their power to welcome me to their hospitable and christian habitation. I found Mr. Melville in a very delicate state of health. He had been suffering long from personal affliction, and was, in a great measure, laid aside from his work. No exertion on his part is wanting to attend to his charge; but his debilitated body is unequal to meet the anxious desires of his ardent mind.

Hankey is prettily situated; and a fine flowing stream, that winds through a contiguous valley, passes close by the gardens of the Hottentots. This stream, while it adds to the beauty of the station, is of the greatest importance to its comfort and maintenance. Its waters are led out from some distance for the purposes of irrigation. Mr. Melville had laid down plans, and commenced operations,

for extending and increasing the supply of water by fresh aqueducts, in making which the people of this station had been employed for a considerable time. This work for the present is at a stand, in consequence of the absence of a large proportion of the inhabitants in Kafferland. The cottages of the Hottentots at this station are more regularly built, more neatly kept, and altogether more comfortable, than at any other missionary station. I observed among the men considerable manliness of conduct, and freedom in expressing their opinions, that I had not before observed. In their remarks upon the proceedings that had taken place during the war, they were not very choice, nor particular, in their mode of expressing themselves, and exhibited feelings which I regretted to observe, and which I endeavoured to restrain. The colonist is not aware surely how sensitive these people are to their scorn and contempt, or some measures would be adopted to prevent their feelings being so constantly wounded and distressed. They consider, and very deservedly and justly, that Dr. Philip is their friend, and they never peruse a newspaper except Mr. Fairbairn's, in which they do not discover that their friend is vilified and abused. A worm will turn when it is trod upon; and the colonist would do well to reflect whether he ought any longer to pursue a line of conduct so detrimental to his own interests, and so contrary to every sound sentiment of wisdom and humanity.

The schools at this institution, both upper and infant, are conducted in the Dutch language. This appeared to me very unadvisable; for, were the Hottentots taught to

read and write English, (the acquisition of which is of the greatest importance, both as it affects our political, and their individual, welfare) they would not only be able to communicate with the English settler, with whom they have constant dealings, but would, in the course of two or three months, be able to read and write Dutch too. Such is the simplicity and perfection of the orthography of the Dutch language, that, after learning English, it could present no difficulty to those whose native language it is, and may, in fact, be said to be learned whenever English is acquired.

In the upper school I found considerable life and attention. The teacher is a devoted pious man, who takes great delight in his work, and manifests great interest and affection toward those he instructs. The infants' school presented an inferior character compared with the infants' schools at the other institutions. The children were allowed to repeat passages of scripture in rather a careless manner; and, I must add, I was disappointed at not finding, in this interesting little assembly, that solemnity which elsewhere was observable.

Mr. Kelly took me round the station; and we visited nearly all the cottages. There were many of their inmates who could tell of the goodness of the Lord to their souls, and whose lives and conversations were such as became the gospel of Christ. On one particular subject both Mr. Kelly and myself were surprised at the ready manner in which these simple Christians spoke. I allude to the second coming of Christ. They all agreed that He would come personally, and that before the millennium. They

were unable to judge of those signs which Christ has given to the church, and over which the church is slumbering and sleeping ; but they all agreed that He might be daily expected, and that His people ought to be looking for His appearing.

During my stay at Hankey I addressed the people every evening, and was much pleased both with the regularity with which they attended the house of God, and the manner in which they conducted themselves while there. I told them freely what I considered their failings to be, and, instead of any angry feelings being excited, I received their thanks, and expressions of their pleasure in witnessing the interest I took in their welfare.

Mr. Melville has more members belonging to his church than either Zuurbraak or Pacaltsdorp; but the general tone of piety at the three places was about the same. Should it please God to restore Mr. Melville to health again, and enable him to go about and look after his people, much benefit would accrue to the institution. In speaking of it we must remember the disadvantage it now labors under in being deprived of his able and personal superintendence. We spent together a very delightful week at Hankey; and I trust that the subjects of our communings will ever be growing increasingly important in our estimation, and the hopes connected with them quickening to our souls, till called on to quit the faith we now exercise in apprehending them for the full fruition of their blessedness in actual possession.

From Hankey it is a day's journey to

### BETHELSDORP.

If, in speaking of Zuurbraak, Pacaltsdorp, and Hankey, I have had the delightful task of informing the christian reader how the spiritual kingdom of his Lord is advancing ; if I have refreshed his spirit by the testimony these pages have given of the grace of God as there displayed ; if he has listened with delight to the instances adduced of the progress and power of religion on the mind of the Hottentots at these Institutions ; I trust still further to retain his willing attention, while we explore and enjoy fresh, and still more flourishing, spiritual beauties. Amidst so much that is calculated to excite and delight the mind, may I be kept from giving any overdrawn picture, and simply present a true and faithful likeness of the interesting Institution at which we now suppose ourselves arrived.

Mr. Kitchingman, the Senior Missionary, is admirably adapted for the charge committed to him ; and there exists a reciprocal feeling of love and confidence between minister and people. He has a church consisting of nearly two hundred members, with whom I had the privilege of holding communion in the ordinance of the Lord's Supper ; and I was much cheered by being a witness to what the grace of God has here effected.

I happened to enter the church on Sabbath morning, in time to join in the service with which the adult school was dismissed. A Hottentot was engaged in addressing the people. The solemnity, the self-possession, and feeling, with which he spoke, and the marked attention and seriousness with which he was listened to, evidenced



the importance and value they attached to instruction, as did the devotion, with which they engaged in prayer and praise to God, evidence the spirituality and "reasonableness" of the service they were rendering to their Maker.

The infants' school I found in a very creditable state; and the greatest praise is due to Miss Kitchingman, to whose unremitting and devoted labors the school owes the high rank it has attained among the infants' schools of this colony. The children were taught, and appeared perfectly acquainted with, the leading truths of Christianity. If inquired of as to their state before God, they would at once inform you, that they were lost and ruined children, who could hope for salvation only by the free mercy and love of God through the atonement the Saviour had made for sinners on the cross, and that, without the gracious and almighty influences of the Holy Spirit, they could not love and serve God. They answered very readily any questions, of a simple nature, regarding the narratives of the new testament, and had their minds stored with many precious texts of scripture which they repeated with readiness, accuracy, and sweetness.

In geography they had made creditable, and to my mind surprising, advances. They were able to tell, without the least hesitation, the name of each county, with that of its capital, when pointed to on the map of England and Wales. They knew also the names of the principal rivers. They were learning the geography of Africa, and were nearly perfect in it. They were quite at home in their multiplication and addition tables. The whole exhibition, indeed, was such as did the highest credit to Miss Kitchingman, and such



as must have delighted every well-wisher of the colony to witness.

The upper school appeared deficient in life; and the children read in a low indistinct manner. Their writing and ciphering books, however, were clean and neat. The ready manner in which they answered questions that stood in connexion with the subjects in which they had been instructed, evinced the diligent pains Mr. Atkinson had taken with them.

The country about Bethelsdorp is arid and sterile. Not a single natural advantage presents itself as pointing it out as a suitable spot for the establishment of an institution: even the supply of water is most scanty; and the water itself is far from excellent. How the Missionaries, with all these disadvantages staring them in the face, could decidedly and steadily turn their backs upon the many attractive and inviting spots that abound in the district of Uitenhage, and select the site of Bethelsdorp for their proposed institution, is one of those absurd and extraordinarily perverse proceedings, which we sometimes see realized, but cannot account for. Indeed so miserable is the pasturage for cattle on the downs of Bethelsdorp, that in the years 1828 and 1829 the Hottentots lost seven thousand rix-dollars' (upwards of five hundred pounds') worth of cattle. It was in consequence of a conviction thus rivetted on the conscience of the Colonial Government, (always the friend of the natives) that, though reluctantly and tardily, it did at last come forward and offer to the Hottentots, as a temporary occupation, a grazing farm at some little distance from the place. The farm was gladly received by the Hot-

tentots, and remained a considerable time in their possession. The present Government, finding the place was held by the Institution only as a loan, appears to have doubted the propriety of its continuance. Accordingly, after acknowledging in orders the services rendered by the Hottentots during the late Kaffer war, it did, in order to mark more decidedly the sincerity of the expression of favour and approbation which those orders conveyed, withdraw this bounteous loan from the Institution, and again hedge in the unfortunate cattle of the Hottentots to starve and die on their old, dry, sterile, and scanty pasturage.

Notwithstanding these natural disadvantages, Bethelsdorp, in consequence of its being now situated half-way between Uitenhage and Port Elizabeth, (two towns that have been lately built) has become a place of no small importance. At these towns the Hottentot finds demand for his labor, and procures a comfortable subsistence. At the close of the week, he has the great advantage of returning to his family at their quiet retreat on the premises of the institution. There he has again a fresh opportunity of attending the house of God, and learning and imbibing the principles and truths of the gospel. He has likewise the satisfaction of knowing that, during his absence, his children have not only been instructed and taken care of, but preserved from the various evils abounding in the towns, where he sees his race degraded and ruined by the temptations presented to appetite and depraved affection.

The American Missionaries, destined to occupy a new station near Port Natal among the Zoolahs, were at

Bethelsdorp during my visit to that institution. These good people, filled with christian principle and animated with christian affection, were bent on the great enterprize of taking the Gospel to the neglected and oppressed sons of Africa. They were visited with a very severe affliction in the death of Mrs. Grout, who, during my stay at Bethelsdorp, was called by the good Shepherd to that "better country." She had lingered on the borders of the eternal world for several months; and she evidenced much of the power and glory of divine grace. The prospect of leaving her husband and her new-born babe in such a world, and at such a time, she was able to contemplate with perfect calmness and satisfaction. To the former she was devotedly attached; but she experienced the drawings of a stronger attachment towards Him to whom she was united by faith. Her infant was to be reared and nursed, and her presence and helping hand were to be denied to it; but she was enabled to commit it to a better Parent, and sweetly to rest in His faithfulness and love. Oh! it was a privilege, not to be enjoyed every day, to see a delicate female, in daily expectation of death, carried about in a chair to pay a last visit to her friends, and to hear her talk of her removal from the world with all the composure and assurance of one who perfectly knew in whom she had believed. And not much less instructive was it to see Mr. Grout sitting by her side, and talking in the same resigned spirit with her of the eternal realities on which she was about to enter. On the day of her death she had been a little better, and walked across the room; and her husband indulged a hope that possibly she might recover: but in the evening the

bursting of a small ulcer, which she had not strength to throw off, suffocated her; and thus was she liberated from the burden of the flesh, and admitted into the presence of that Saviour on whom her affections had been set, and to whom had been devoted all the services of her life.

#### UITENHAGE

is a quiet respectable town, is well watered, and affords, in many particulars, a desirable residence for families and gentlemen from India. It is about twenty miles from Port Elizabeth, where constant opportunities are offering for obtaining passages to Cape Town by the vessels that trade between Algoa and Table Bay. The climate of Uitenhage is preferable to that of Cape Town; and the country around is superior: but, in all other respects, Cape Town has the advantage.

There are two ministers of the Gospel resident in Uitenhage. One is the minister of the District, an excellent man, and one whose friendly and vigilant superintendence over the schools, the jails, and the place in general, has rendered him much respected and esteemed. On Sabbath days he conducts two services in the church, one in the morning in Dutch, and another in the afternoon in English. He has, besides, two week evening lectures, one for each congregation. The other minister is a missionary of the London Society, whose labours are chiefly confined to the colored classes. I am happy, however, to say that Uitenhage, as well as Swellendam, has set a good example to the rest of the colony, and that the

commissioner, and his family, and many other of the European inhabitants, are frequently to be found, on Sabbath evening, worshipping with Mr. Messer's Hottentot congregation. Regarding this congregation I am able to say but little. What occurred under my observation during their attendance at public worship, left no very pleasing impression. The Hottentots were well dressed, and attentive; but they indulge in a practice of giving vent to their feelings during the delivery of the discourse, which greatly mars the beauty and solemnity of the meeting. At the outset of it they are quiet enough: after listening in silence for about five minutes, one old woman will commence setting up a yell; shortly after another will join her; then another, until at last a large portion of the congregation is in full cry. This unseemly and disturbing clamour ceases not till the preacher closes his sermon. Mr. Messer seemed to think it a natural consequence of some deep impression; and I hope he may be right in this conjecture. To my mind, however, such an exhibition is at variance at once with the suppressed and humble feeling of a pious mind, and with that decency and order that ought to pervade a Christian assembly.

There are several good schools in the town; and things are altogether more flourishing at Uitenhage than elsewhere.

#### PORT ELIZABETH.

This town exhibits a melancholy and almost hopeless exhibition of drunkenness and immorality. The canteens



and the canteen-keepers are a disgrace to humanity. No language can be too severe to hold up these destroyers of the bodies and souls of men to public abhorrence: and, let the language be ever so severe,—ever so true and powerful,—on their adamantine hearts, I fear, no impression will be made; for they “are greedy of gain,” and, for the sake of a few hundred pounds, would send the souls of the whole Hottentot nation to hell. At one time no respectable female could walk the streets without being distressed. This evil is in some measure removed by the most disreputable canteen (kept by a person holding the office of churchwarden) being changed from the most public, to a rather more retired, part of the town; but the abominations that are going on there, though more concealed, are not in the least mitigated or diminished.

There is little or no profession of religion among the people; though there are two ministers, one of the Church of England, who is well known, and whose proceedings have not failed of bringing about the very effect which alone they were calculated to produce; the other a missionary belonging to the London Society’s Mission, whose habits of study, whose disposition and taste, point him out as an individual more fitted to minister to a European, than to a poor despised Hottentot, congregation. A faithful minister, determined to preach and protest against the abounding iniquity, as it ought to be preached and protested against, must count the cost; for he will most assuredly be abused and vilified by the openly wicked; while the professed friends of religion will not only be ready harshly to scrutinize his conduct, but to impute to

him motives he altogether disclaims, and to draw conclusions distinguished only by ignorance, unkindness, injustice, and acrimony.

The school of the London Society's Mission contained children both of Europeans and Natives. It was a pleasing sight to see them learning together, and inspires a hope, that the day is not distant when the feelings against the colored population shall be subdued, and when, as "God hath made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed and the bounds of their habitation," so they may all cast away the sad prejudices which have hitherto prevailed, and, with one heart and one soul, "seek the Lord, if haply they may feel after Him, and find Him, though He be not far from every one of them; for in Him they live and move and have their being."

The town of Port Elizabeth has nothing remarkable about it, except its naked barren uninviting appearance. The houses are plain, but many of them good, buildings; they are white-washed, and roofed with the large pantile. At present the eye is struck with a want of regularity in the formation of the streets; but this arises from the intervals between the houses not yet being built upon: when this is effected, and the roads are made, Port Elizabeth will cut a very different figure.

The bay affords good anchorage for shipping except during severe south-east gales; and the town is rapidly growing into importance. Amidst all its vices and wickedness, it is free from hypocrisy. I was also struck with the fact, that the merchants allow their merchandize to



remain on the beach without any one to guard it day or night. No instance of any theft has occurred; and this is a fact at once remarkable in itself, and creditable to the place.

May my fellow-countrymen at Port Elizabeth, in reading these pages, endeavour to suppress the angry emotions that will arise on finding their vices thus exposed. Their disease is of a desperate nature; and, unless severe remedies are applied, little hope of a cure can be entertained. If the respectable part of the town, who, I know, wish to promote its welfare, and elevate its character, would act more decidedly, and boldly face the enemy, something might be effected. Hideous as the monster, drunkenness, is, he may perhaps be put to shame. If he be, he will hide his head, and die a lingering death.

#### GRAHAM'S TOWN.

"Invet'rate prejudice, infirm and blind,  
May take possession of an honest mind:  
Though weakly yielding to its stubborn sway,  
'Tis not *determined* to be led astray.  
But is there not a sin that must not claim,  
Though near of kindred, such a gentle name?  
A daring sin, that comes with open face,  
To rear its standard in the holy place.  
E'en from that day, when some would fain condemn  
The works of those who follow'd not with them,  
And, for that early spark of party rage,  
Received reproof designed for every age,  
Down to the present noisy moment, when  
'Tis spiriting from the tip of many a pen,—  
E'en from that day to this, with ceaseless reign,  
Has party-spirit been the church's bane."

JANE TAYLOR.

The country from Algoa Bay to Graham's Town calls for no particular notice. Between Sunday's and Bushman's river the country is at times pretty; but, as you approach the eastern capital of the colony, the country assumes a peculiarly hard, rugged, barren, surface,—no trees, no bush, and no rivers, to enliven its dreariness, or afford associations of fertility. A great broad road winding away over the dull interminably monotonous country, with here and there a wagon creeping along at a most melancholy pace, is all that meets the wearied eye of the traveller, as he passes over this terrible ninety miles of his journey. On reaching the eminence of a ridge of hills that form a sort of amphitheatre, Graham's Town at last suddenly bursts upon the view. It is situated in the centre of the amphitheatre referred to, and, from this position, has certainly an imposing appearance. It had so particularly to me, who had not seen a British town for so long a period, and I felt deeply interested in the place. Its church standing in the centre, its several chapels, and its general appearance, formed a view that was striking, and one that surpassed my expectations. "There lies a British town," was the reflexion that struck across my heart: "it contains not foreigners and heathens, among whom you have so long sojourned, but your countrymen. It has lately been the seat of war; sorrow and distress have been the portion of many of its inhabitants; and, now that peace has been restored, it has not repented, nor learnt righteousness, though the judgments of God have visited it for its transgressions." I felt willing and desirous to cast myself into the midst of

them; and if, by my humble instrumentality, I could in any measure subserve their best interests, I anticipated much joy in being so employed. On entering the town, though at first a feeling of disappointment took possession of my mind, as I found, on inspection, that the town, which from the surrounding height looked so imposing, was but a straggling village, yet I rejoiced to see life, activity, and business, pervading its streets and dwellings.

There are several places for public worship in this town. The church, though an ugly building, is inside a handsome, commodious, and comfortable, place of worship. The Wesleyans have two chapels, one a very handsome one, where the white men say their prayers, and an old one which does very well for the colored population. The London and Baptist Missionary Societies have likewise each a chapel for their respective congregations. On a Sabbath all these places of worship are well attended, and the day is observed with becoming outward respect.

The Wesleyan Methodists are the most numerous body of religionists in Graham's Town. The vicious tendency of their system is lamentably demonstrated in the narrow sectarian time-serving spirit that has been manifested in their conduct. If John Wesley could rise from his grave, and see the mischief he has done, he would tell all his followers to haste back to mother church, ere they fell into still greater errors; for, to his quick apprehensions, it would be very evident that the body were "going on towards Rome." There is an overweening intolerant conceit about this people that is really pitiable. I got into hot water with the whole fry before I knew what I was about. One

of their ministers asked me to give him my opinion officially, and in writing, on the eligibility of a certain spot as a missionary station. Common honesty demanded of me in the course of my letter, to let drop some unpalatable truths which their insufferable pride and intolerance could not brook. Out of such simple elements did these dissemblers make out a famous garbled statement, and heap upon me all manner of abuse in the jesuitical Journal of the place which is entirely under their guidance and control.

It was my intention to have paid but a short visit to Graham's Town; but, finding myself in the midst of a fight, I could never think of a flight, and, therefore, protracted my stay a fortnight longer than I at first intended. It was quite amusing to observe the people as I walked the streets:—they looked at me as if I had been some monster that had dared to speak a word against the holy conclave. I invariably kept a steady look at those persons who thought proper to stare at me; and constantly were my ears accosted with "That's him"—"There he goes." On Sabbath days and Wednesday evenings I addressed large and attentive congregations with great comfort and composure; and I trust a Divine blessing followed what was spoken. The town was in a perfect uproar regarding me. I had the whole nest of the Wesleyans upon me: but the Lord stood by me and supported me; and all their anger and wrath called from me no other feeling or habit of mind, but that of pity for them, and of prayer for their welfare.

The great feature of Graham's Town is the religious

profession that exists ; but, notwithstanding this, the town vies with Port Elizabeth in canteens, drunkenness, and immorality. Ask what the effects of this religious profession are—ask if it has made them all of one mind—ask if they are living together as brethren ; and ‘ the very reverse ’ is the distressing answer which almost all persons and things return. I am not at all surprised that the ungodly scoff at religion : the exhibition of it, in the conduct of those making the greatest profession, is more than enough to disgust them. Men pretending to holiness cheat in their shops—sit in the seat of the scornful—and are full of bitterness against all who differ in opinion with them. The Editor of that scurrilous newspaper, “ The Graham’s Town Journal,” is a class leader, and a Sabbath School Teacher ; and is, as I was told by a Wesleyan Minister, considered a child of God. The task of unmasking these poor, unfortunate, self-deluded, infatuated, men, is truly painful ; but, having set myself to the work, I could not look back.

“ One of themselves, even a prophet of their own, said, the Cretians are always liars, evil beasts, slow bellies. This witness is true. Wherefore rebuke them sharply, that they may be sound in the faith ; not giving heed to Jewish fables, and commandments of men, that turn from the truth.”—Titus i. 12–14.

The services of the Baptist missionary are placed entirely at the disposal of his countrymen. I fear the Arminian heresy is on the ascendant among the Baptists at Graham’s Town.

The Missionary of the London Society has two large congregations worshipping at his chapel. On Sabbath



he holds two services for the European, and one for the native, congregation. Though, as is usually the case, the claims of the former thus preponderate over the latter; yet the natives have in Mr. Monro a kind pastor, willing to assist them on all occasions. He is a devoted zealous minister of Christ, and enjoys the respect and affection of his people.

The colored population in Graham's Town are generally in a very degraded state. Their predilection for brandy is notorious. The accursed poison has become a principal source of trade to the town, of revenue to the colony, and, alas, of crime, misery, and demoralization, to the people.

#### BATHURST.

Immediately on leaving Graham's Town, the way to Bathurst is enlivened by some respectable-looking houses on the road side; and the cottages which are scattered about, being built in the English style, have a pleasing effect. These scenes soon give way to others of ruin and desolation occasioned by the late war. One burnt farmhouse after another is, with a few solitary exceptions, all that the surrounding country offers to the contemplation of the traveller. While he finds himself sympathizing with the people in their afflictions and losses, he is, at the same time, surprised, considering the nature of the invasion and the character of the enemy, how any of their dwelling-places escaped the hand of the destroyer.

Bathurst, though entirely deserted and in the hands of

the enemy for some time, escaped destruction. The inhabitants attribute this to a predilection Macomo had for the village. He is stated to have been so pleased with it, as to have signified his intention of making it his future residence.

There is a remarkably appropriate and handsome church building for the people, and the village looks and promises well. I arrived late in the evening, and took my departure the next morning. The place struck me as one of the most English-looking villages in the colony.

#### THEOPOLIS.

In point of local advantage, this is the most valuable of the London Missionary Society's Institutions. It is situated about forty miles from Graham's Town, twelve from Bathurst, and about four from the sea-side.

Mr. Barker, the senior missionary in charge when I visited Theopolis, is an active, lively, intelligent, servant of the Lord; and he appears to have instilled as much life into the place as the condition and circumstances of the people will admit of. I was able only to make a very short visit here, but was pleased and refreshed by seeing the work of the Lord prospering.

This was the only institution of the London Society within the colony that suffered during the late war; and this, too, was the only place on the frontier which was not evacuated by the inhabitants for Graham's Town on the approach of the enemy. Mr. Barker, with his large family, consisting either of boys or of females,—the other



mission families residing at the station,—and the rest of the inhabitants of Theopolis, remained where they were ; and they not only stood their ground against an enemy that almost surrounded the institution, and threatened an attack for several days, but afforded protection to the flocks and herds of the surrounding farms. I heard Colonel Smith speak in terms of admiration of the noble stand made at this institution. Great praise is due to Mr. Barker, for the faith he exercised in the protection of the Almighty, and the confidence he inspired in those by whom he was surrounded. He was enabled to say, what none but a christian can say—"The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? The Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid? Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear: though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident."

The Infants' School of this Institution is the best in the colony, and, notwithstanding all that I had heard of it, it surpassed my expectations. After witnessing the children repeat hymns and pieces of poetry in English, with correctness and precision, both as it regards pronunciation and emphasis,—a most difficult attainment for a Hottentot,—I was requested by Miss Barker to examine the children. I commenced by inquiring if they could give me a text on which we could discourse. They repeated to me, with one voice, and apparently with one heart, the whole of the twenty-third psalm, and answered, with readiness and correctness, any question I put to them regarding it. Miss Barker complained that the parents did not second her efforts, and that what the children

learnt on the score of obedience and order at school, was not kept up at home. The order and regularity that reigned in the school was astonishing.

The upper school was likewise in a creditable state; but, after the Hottentot has reached a certain point, the schoolmaster feels he cannot urge him further on; and that limit seldom extends beyond the rule of three and the reading of the Bible.

The English language is more cultivated among the Hottentots at this Institution than at any of the others. The missionaries on the Sabbath have one of the services entirely in English; and, as Mr. Barker informed me that the people were accustomed to sermons in that language, I had much pleasure in acceding to his request in addressing them without an interpreter. This was one of the few occasions in which I enjoyed an opportunity of making a direct address to the Hottentots. The people of this station, being surrounded by English settlers, are necessitated to speak English; and there is every probability of its soon becoming the language of all the Hottentots in Albany; and the sooner the better.

These institutions, though they have been the means of imparting the gospel to the Hottentot nation, and though they have formed asylums where the oppressed have found a refuge, are yet open to many objections. So long as the necessity of their continuance remains, so long must we expect to find the Hottentot idle and improvident. At the institutions he cannot, in the nature of things, rise to respectability. There are no adequate motives for his rising—no occupation for his children when educated be-

yond common labor. He has no property of his own worth mentioning ; he has only one way of disposing of his hut or cottage, namely, that of selling it to persons belonging to the institution, or persons approved of by the missionary (unless he pull it down and content himself with selling the materials) ; he has nothing in which he can take an interest, and, so long as he has food enough to sustain life, and clothes sufficient to cover him, he is quite indifferent as to the morrow. And, accordingly, those habits of cleanliness, neatness, and industry, which men in a natural state of society manifest, when enlightened by the gospel, are looked for in vain at our Missionary Institutions. Such is the blasting and chilling influence of this system of pupillage.

But when are we to get rid of this state of things ? when are we to do away with these institutions, or transform them into villages free of all those laws which at present are necessarily imposed ? It rests with the colonists. When they will discard their illiberal notions, and their disparagement of men, on the ground of their being clothed in a differently colored skin from themselves ;—when they will own and love them as brethren ;—when the colonial church likewise will awake from her slumbers, and when her ministers shall be found taking an active and vigilant charge of these people, and boldly lifting their protest against the current opinions of the white-colored colonists, urging on their consciences the truth that God is no respecter of persons, and that, while they harbour such feelings towards their Hottentot brethren, they are abhorred of the Lord, and cannot be acknowledged as Chris-

tians, who are known by the love they bear to their brother whom they have seen, and not by the mere profession of attachment to God whom they have not seen; when these things are realized, then may the London Missionary Society send forth its laborers to more remote parts of Africa; and then too will the Hottentot nation rise in piety and power, and from them likewise will the church be supplied with missionaries who will go hand in hand with the European laborer in carrying the gospel through the length and breadth of this vast continent. O may the Lord, in whose hands are the hearts of the children of men, hasten this happy state of things, and may He overrule the present exhibition of the wrath of man, so visible throughout the whole of this colony, for this blessed purpose. But, while my desires are earnest and sincere that this happy state of things may be brought about, with heaviness of spirit I acknowledge that my expectations are dark and discouraging in the extreme. I see no movement in the public mind towards such a consummation. Like people, like priest. I see in the position the church has assumed in South Africa,—what she exhibits all over the world,—the signs that the Son of Man has given of his approaching glorious advent. I see a time of alarm and shaking of all constituted authority spoken of in Luke, (xxi. 25—27.) I see the people acting as if it were a day of peace and carnal enjoyment (Matthew xxiv. 37.) I see missionaries preaching the gospel for a witness, not for the general conversion of the colony (Matthew xxiv. 14.) And I see other signs, which this is not the place to discuss, but which so press upon my spirit, that I cannot re-

frain from connecting them with my observations on this country.

### KING WILLIAM'S TOWN.

The country from Graham's Town to this place differs greatly from that within the colony. It is open, varied, and fertile, and presents extensive vales, hills, and mountains of diversified formation and appearance. The road now, at last, becomes interesting, and a lively and pretty prospect opens to view on gaining the summit of each succeeding hill. At first, it lies along a ridge of hills, which divides Albany from the Fish River bush, and which commands a fine and extensive prospect of the country on both sides. On the western side I saw the ruins of many of the settlers' farms, and the bare and desolate sites of some of the villages and other places of the district. The Kaffer roads wind away over the country on both the eastern and western sides. They are of sufficient breadth only to admit of one person walking in them at a time: they are, however, well defined and known, and lead to vast distances. The Fish River bush is of immense extent and density. At first sight it appears an impregnable hiding place for the Kaffer. That regular troops should reach or dislodge such an enemy, appears impracticable; and it was well that, in this case, they had the assistance of colonial troops. Their fine discipline and determined purpose, combined with the local knowledge and habits of the Burgher force, gave a character of great decision and efficiency to all their movements. When I speak of Burghers, I include Hottentots, as well as Englishmen.



and Dutchmen; and I would refer more particularly to the former, as it was they who rendered the most essential aid in hunting the enemy from one intricate hiding-place to another, contending with him in close combat, and finally compelling him to retire.

The Fish River is a rapid muddy stream that often swells suddenly, and remains impassable for days together. It forms the boundary between the colony and a fine pasture country, called the Neutral Territory. This territory is about forty miles in width, and is divided from Kafferland by the Keiskamah River. The Keiskamah, though not flowing through such an extent of country as the Fish River, is a much finer stream. It is equally broad: its waters are clear and transparent; and they proceed onwards at an easy and majestic pace.

Ascending the banks of the Keiskamah River, the new province of Queen Adelaide or Kaffraria is discovered smiling in her beautiful green mantle. Desolation, the necessary feature of a country without inhabitants, vanishes. Cheerfulness assumes her ascendancy, and the natives are seen in all the activity of business, or placidity of simple and domestic enjoyment. Some are travelling, some are tending their flocks, and others are sitting at the door of their huts surrounded by their families. These features give a country an interest and beauty, which it cannot for many ages recover, if denuded of its ancient and rightful possessors.

The character of the tribes, which inhabit the country on the eastern frontier of the colony, is not easily defined. Some glimpse of it may be caught by contrasting their nega-



tive qualities with their ascertained dispositions. They are not savages, though barbarous and uncivilized; they are not insensible to propriety, though naked, uncouth, and licentious; they are not insensible to kindness, though rugged in disposition; they are not unforgiving, though quickly alive to injury; they are not wanting in feelings of attachment, though their hatred is cruel and treacherous; they are not without order and discipline in war, though in peace they despise and disregard both; they are not insensible to the benefits of instruction, though perfectly uninstructed; and finally, they are not without an inclination for war, though they love peace, quietness, and repose.

But let us again refer to a poet of no mean name and reputation, discarded though he be by those who ought to sympathize in his praise, and feel honored that such a genius rose from among them. He knew South Africa well, and has sung, in glowing lines of poesy, many a faithful, though bitter, truth, regarding its inhabitants.

#### THE KAFFER.

Lo! where he crouches by the kloof's dark side,  
 Eyeing the farmer's lowing herds afar;  
 Impatient watching, till the evening star  
 Lead forth the twilight dim, that he may glide  
 Like panther to the prey. With freeborn pride  
 He scorns the herdsman, nor regards the scar  
 Of recent wound—but burnishes for war  
 His assagai and targe of buffalo hide.  
 He is a robber?—True; it is a strife  
 Between the black-skinned bandit and the white.  
 A savage?—Yes; though loth to aim at life,  
 Evil for evil fierce he doth requite.  
 A heathen?—Teach him, then, thy better creed,  
 Christian, if thou deserv'st that name indeed!

On approaching King William's Town all was bustle and activity. The natives in considerable numbers, pitched in picturesque groups in the vicinity of the camp, appeared somewhat excited, anticipating the grand meeting of their chiefs with Colonel Smith, which was fixed for the ensuing day. The following account of this meeting, although it has already been before the public in the Cape papers, conveys the impression it made while fresh on my recollection; and probably it is the most acceptable account of the interesting occasion that I can give.

“The first person that attracted my attention was Macomo. I found him standing in an independent, manly, attitude, conversing with the other chiefs, and, though at the time dressed like a common Hottentot, there was something in his manner that pointed him out as no ordinary man. His quick eye appeared to be observing whatever happened to be going on around him.

“Tyali was sitting on the ground at the head of about 100 attendants. He was entirely naked, with a tiger skin kaross thrown over his shoulders. I shook hands with him. He received me with a smile, and did not attempt to rise; but his deportment showed an ease and dignity quite unaccountable in a savage. Shortly after this the chiefs were summoned to the Colonel's house. When I next saw them, Macomo and Tyali were very neatly attired in a suit of blue superfine cloth, and the rest in suits of moleskin, like those the Boors of the country usually wear. They had all evidently imbibed whig principles on becoming Englishmen, as was very apparent from their white hats. They did not appear such fine large commanding men in the

European costume as they did in their own, yet still they wore the clothes as if they had been accustomed to them all their lives.

“The troops were now under arms, and all the chief’s people in attendance but Tyali’s. The Colonel despatched an Aid-de-camp to hasten their movements. He returned with information that they were assembling, but wanted to be allowed to bring their assagais with them. The Colonel replied he had only one objection to that;—it had been already settled that they were to leave them behind, and orders could not be altered; otherwise for anything he cared they might bring as many as they liked. On this reaching them we perceived bodies of men in motion on the heights opposite to us, and, after a little, Tyali’s horsemen began to descend the hill in regular, though in too extended order to please the eye of a soldier. When their leading horses had reached the river, the rear had not quitted the top of the eminence; and hence, to an unpractised eye, their numbers might appear larger than they were ascertained to be (600). After them the infantry followed in column, about 1,000. We all admired the manly pace at which they marched; and no British heart could remain unmoved at seeing so high a compliment paid our nation by these savages casting themselves unarmed into the midst of a British force, and in the face of the troops, against which they had so long contended in mortal strife. On the infantry reaching King William’s Town, they halted, formed in a close and compact body, and, at a signal from their leader, moved on again, singing one of their war-songs. It was the most savage sound I ever

heard, interspersed with a whistle that might bear some resemblance to the wild chirping of a flock of birds. Their bass notes were as terrific and deep as it was possible for the human voice to give utterance to. The column passed away and formed up with the other tribes of their nation.

“ The Hon. Col. Smith, C. B. was now seen, in full uniform, approaching, supported by Macomo on his right, and Tyali on his left, followed by his Staff and the Colonel’s Lady, with the other ladies and gentlemen who had assembled to witness this very imposing meeting. On their reaching the parade, the Colonel was received by a general salute, and discharge of cannon; and the party proceeded to a tent pitched for the occasion. The European part of the company took the seats on the right, while the native part occupied those on the left, of the Colonel, who sat supported by Macomo and Tyali. Prayers were read by the Rev. Mr. Chalmers, of the Glasgow Mission. The Colonel now proceeded to administer the oath of allegiance in a very impressive and solemn manner. The chiefs knelt on one knee, and raised their right hands, and repeated the words of the oath in a natural and audible voice. Their people present were afterwards sworn in in a similar manner. The troops then gave three cheers, in which the Kaffer cordially joined, in honor of King William the Fourth.

“ Col Smith now took his stand in the most conspicuous place he could select, requesting me to stand on his right, and Mr. Shepstone his interpreter on his left. Macomo, Tyali, and the rest of the company, remained seated.

“The Colonel addressed them in a very feeling and appropriate speech, expressing the satisfaction he experienced at meeting the Kaffers under such circumstances; he referred to what the English nation once was, and compared it with what it was at the moment he addressed them: he spoke of the miserable condition in which the English found the Kaffer nation,—slaves to the unhappy customs of their forefathers, and given up to the indulgence of practices subversive alike of public and domestic comfort. He referred to the effects of the late Kaffer war, which, he said, could not but have left a deep impression on their minds, when they counted four thousand widows, as the awful consequence of not respecting the dying advice of Gaika. He exhorted them to rouse themselves to exertion and to an emulation of their fellow-subjects the English; telling them that, however difficult it might appear to them to rise from their present state to that in which they now saw the English, they must not despair, but, in a diligent imitation of their example, look upon success as certain. He spoke impressively of the necessity of equal laws and of having teachers of religion. He took occasion to commend Tyali with much energy, for having attended, with his family and many of his people, the ministry of the Rev. Mr. Chalmers on the preceding Sabbath. He reminded them that it had been customary for the chiefs to receive support by “*eating up*” their people, and, as that was now abolished, they were hereafter to be supported by taxation. He informed them that missionaries would settle among them, and that the people must attend their ministry and send their children to school. He then reprobated their



inhuman practices by pointing to the mode of procedure adopted by Englishmen, when under affliction, and to their mode of disposing of their dead. The Colonel declared himself deeply interested in their welfare, and pledged himself to see them put in possession of their rights and protected in them. The address was of considerable length, and appeared to be well interpreted by Mr. Shepstone.

“Macomo sat on his chair, and, with considerable dignity, said,—‘I am thankful for my present circumstances; and, if your future conduct to me shall correspond with your past, then I can have no other wish than to remain as I am. We hear your present words; we approve of them: but we are stupid people, so that you must never be weary in telling your words.’—The Colonel immediately, with considerable animation, said:—‘Macomo, I have admired your character as a soldier in the bush: you have been a bold and determined enemy; and I have every confidence in the sincerity of your expression of attachment to my King and Governor.’

“Tyali now came forward to be invested with his magisterial office, which he received with considerable grace, kneeling on one knee while the Colonel invested him with the badge of office, which was suspended to a silver chain, and put round his neck. Tyali, with equal dignity, but more animation, and evincing considerable anxiety to speak, said:—‘I do not see the King of England here, nor do I see His Excellency the Governor: but I see you, Colonel, and in seeing you I see them; and I will hide nothing from you that is done among my people.’

“The troops then fell in, performed the general salute,



and gave three cheers in honor of King William IV., in which none were louder than the assembled Amakosa. The troops then passed the Colonel in order of review; and so closed one of the most gratifying spectacles I ever witnessed.

“Umhala, the principal chief of T'Slambie's tribe, accompanied by Iseyola and several of the younger brothers of the family, and about two hundred men who arrived too late to attend the great meeting on Thursday, were assembled by Col. Smith this day, took the oath of allegiance to King William IV., under similar circumstances, and heard the same address interpreted as delivered by the Colonel on Thursday. Umhala, in reply, said,—‘Colonel, these people are no longer my children. I give them over to you, to be the King of England's children.’ Umhala has not the same dignity as Macomo or Tyali; but he was not wanting in pleasing manners, or self-possession.

“Five of Hintza's people were present, and viewed these proceedings with interested and anxious attention.

“The whole ceremony was admirably conducted, and closed by a prayer from the Rev. Mr. Ayloff.”

I shall never forget the kindness with which I was received and treated, at King William's Town, by Colonel and Mrs. Smith, whose hospitality to strangers, who visit their camp, is of the kindest, and most liberal, description. The Colonel is a noble-minded and straight-forward man,—a distinguished and talented officer,—remarkably prompt and efficient in the discharge of the delicate and difficult duties he has to perform,—and alike respected and admired by all who have the happiness of being associated with him.

Leaving King William's Town, (or King William's Camp, for it is nothing more) we travelled over a very sweet and lively country, till we reached

#### **FORT BERESFORD.**

This is a small military post, pitched on a rising and picturesque piece of ground, with a fine stream washing round its base. A detachment of Highlanders and some Hottentot Provincials were cantoned here. The commanding officer bore a very handsome testimony to the character of the latter for sobriety and order. They appeared to be comfortable and cheerful, and to be better housed than they are at the institutions. They were, however, naturally desirous of returning to them, as they could not but lament their absence from their families, and that deprivation of the ordinances of religion to which they were necessarily subjected. They certainly were as comfortable as circumstances would admit, and had no legitimate cause of complaint. They were, indeed, detained on the service of the state, while the white burghers were permitted to return to their homes. In this, however, it is not fair to allege that any invidious distinction was allowed to operate to their prejudice. It was necessary that the European should return to cultivate his lands; but, as the Hottentot had no lands to cultivate, there existed not that public or official reason for liberating him which had operated in favor of the other.

**PIRIE**

is situated about six or eight miles from Fort Beresford, and fifteen from King William's Town. It is one of the Glasgow Missionary Stations. I regretted much that circumstances prevented my spending some little time with Mr. Ross, whose acquaintance I much desired on account of his well-known devoted Christian character and independent conduct. He had, with his wife and children, but lately returned to this post, which, of course, they found level with the dust. Their garden had been destroyed, not so much, however, by the ravages of time, or of the enemy, as by the depredations of those, from whom better things might have been expected; of their house, chapel, and school-room, not a vestige was left; and of their people the slenderest remnant only could be collected together. This interesting mission family, however, were cheerfully and busily employed in restoring the place. Mr. Ross informed me that it was quite melancholy to look at the country. Before the war, there existed within the nearest range of hills, by which we were surrounded, about a dozen Kaffer kraals, each containing some hundred head of cattle; and life, activity, and cheerfulness, characterized the scene. Now there were but four kraals, in each of which were to be found only thirty or forty head of cattle. The Kaffers rejoiced in the peace, for they had suffered severely during the war. Mr. Ross felt satisfied in the sincerity of the assurance they gave him that the station had not been destroyed from any ill-feeling towards the

Mission, but from the mere necessity in which they were involved by the war; as the buildings might have afforded the colonial army cover, and enabled it to establish a position greatly to their peril and annoyance.

### FORT WHITE.

This military post is about eight miles from Pirie. It is well situated,—holds a commanding position,—and possesses about the same strength as Fort Beresford. We were here joined by Jan Tzatzoe, a Kaffer chief and an assistant missionary of the London Missionary Society. He was educated at Theopolis, and there brought to a saving knowledge of the gospel. His character and conduct have been long found consistent with his profession, and are truly praiseworthy. He accompanied me to the Kat River Settlement.

The country in the immediate vicinity of Fort White is rather uninteresting. After riding over six or eight miles, however, a small eminence is attained, and then a splendid prospect bursts upon the view. The Amatola and Clumie mountains are here discovered in the distance. They are of no very great dimensions, when compared with other mountains; yet, from the bold proportion they bear to the whole scene, they possess a nobleness and grandeur which excites the mind at once to admiration and delight. Thus beautiful and perfect in workmanship is nature, whether she displays her beauties and perfections on the small scale we are here contemplating, or amidst the massive and towering immensity of the Him-

alaya and the Andes. In one and all of her works we discover her to be a grand and surpassing mistress in unfolding unnumbered glories. The Christian sees and admires them like other men; but he looks beyond and above them. He regards them as the glories of a world still lying under the curse of his Heavenly Father; and, ere he is aware, his mind takes a flight in holy meditation far away from the present scene. He looks up to the great Creator who, with a munificent hand, spread abroad the beauties and grandeurs around him, and, in the exercise of faith and hope, eagerly inquires what will be the loveliness of that renovated world,—of that new heaven and new earth of which his bible speaks,—of that state of things in which the curse shall be removed, and all the world shall become a heaven, in which his Father's will shall be done by men, as it is now by angels.

“O scenes surpassing fable, and yet true,—

Scenes of accomplish'd bliss! which who can see,

Though but in distant prospect, and not feel

His soul refresh'd with foretaste of the joy?

Rivers of gladness water all the earth,

And clothe all climes with beauty; the reproach

Of barrenness is past. The fruitful field

Laughs with abundance; and the land, once lean,

Or fertile only in its own disgrace,

Exults to see its thistly curse repeal'd.

The various seasons woven into one,

And that one season an eternal spring.

The garden fears no blight, and needs no fence;

For there is none to covet,—all are full.

The lion, and the libbard, and the bear,

Grazed with the fearless flocks; all bask at noon

Together, or all gambol in the shade  
 Of the same grove, and drink one common stream.  
 Antipathies are none. No foe to man  
 Lurks in the serpent now: the mother sees,  
 And smiles to see, her infant's playful hand  
 Stretch'd forth to dally with the crested worm,  
 To stroke his azure neck, or to receive  
 The lambent homage of his narrow tongue.  
 All creatures worship man, and all mankind  
 One Lord, one Father. Error has no place;  
 That creeping pestilence is driven away;  
 The breath of heaven has chased it. In the heart  
 No passion touches a discordant string;  
 But all is harmony and love. Disease  
 Is not: the pure and uncontaminate blood  
 Holds its due course, nor fears the frost of age.  
 One song employs all nations; and all cry,  
 Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain for us."

*COWPER's Task, Book vi.—Winter Walk at Noon.*

## FORT COX

is situated close to the Amatola Mountains on the left bank of the Keiskamah river. The bush on these mountains is more dense and impregnable, than in any other part of this district. It was in these mountains that the Amakosas made their last stand, and in their immediate vicinity that effectual and appropriate measures were adopted for obtaining the peace the colony now enjoys.

I had here an opportunity of seeing, in private life, Tyali, as well as Macomo and his four wives. These chiefs are in the habit of frequently visiting this post; and they appeared to me to place great confidence in the Commissioner, Captain Stretch. This officer exercises a very



valuable influence over them. Like Colonel Smith, he blends in his behaviour towards them an extreme circumspection, an uncompromising uprightness, and a noble condescension; and no European officer can reasonably expect to gain ascendancy over the minds of such men in any other way. Superciliousness, neglect, or artifice, as they cannot secure their friendship, will be equally unavailing in gaining their submission and obedience.

Macomo's wives are fine grown interesting-looking women. They gave me their attention while I related to them some scripture history. The narration was, doubtless, miserably tortured by bad interpretation; but they appeared pleased, and requested me to go on; Macomo tapping me on the back, and saying it was—mooi, (nice.) It is a delightful task to sit and inform a mind totally ignorant of it, of the sweet and simple history of the patriarchs. The pastoral incidents, and various elements of useful instruction, with which their history abounds, I found, from their plain and striking nature, so suited to the state and circumstances of my barbarous, but interesting, audience, that I felt no small reluctance to part company with them when our time had expired. In the evening of the day I had an opportunity of addressing a portion of the European troops at this fort, who were assembled under some trees near Captain Stretch's house. I felt the season a solemn one, and enjoyed it as being altogether congenial to my spirit. Accustomed to soldiers from my youth up, and knowing well how deeply they stand in need of the gospel to cheer their minds amid the many trials and perils to which they are exposed, nothing gives me greater delight

than an occasion on which I can speak to them of their Saviour, and recommend His love to their attention and acceptance.

After experiencing two of the hottest, yet two that rank among the pleasantest, days, I have passed in the colony, I quitted Fort Cox with sentiments of great esteem and regard for Captain and Mrs. Stretch, whose christian fellowship, kindness, and hospitality, had been so readily extended to me, a stranger, who happened to light upon their dwelling in the course of one of his long rides in South Africa.

#### **BLOCK DRIFT, or FORT THOMPSON.**

Mr. Ayloff, a Wesleyan Missionary, was one of my companions in my tour through the new province. Our views of men and matters differed very widely; yet I found him a benevolent and friendly companion. He was eager on all occasions to render himself useful, and allowed no opportunity to escape of assembling and preaching to his fellow-men. He held religious services for the Hottentots at the various posts that we passed, and expressed himself pleased and refreshed at witnessing the power of religion on their hearts, especially now, that their religious principles were put to so trying a test, in their absence from their ministers, and from the means of grace, and in their exposure to new and multiplied temptation. A more pleasing testimony, with respect to the nature and effect of the instruction communicated to the Hottentots at the institutions, could scarcely well be produced.

The Fingoos, formerly slaves of Hintza's people, live near Fort Thompson. They were liberated from slavery during the late war by Sir Benjamin D'Urban, and were located in these districts. Mr. Ayliff had been stationed in the country of Hintza, and naturally felt desirous of assembling these people, and giving them a religious service. He did so ; and we counted three hundred and eighty persons present. I was astonished, when Mr. Ayliff gave out a hymn, to see this mass of naked human beings rise and sing it in an air of solemn and plaintive melody. It was very touching ; and that man must have very little sympathy indeed in the welfare of his species, who could remain unmoved by such a spectacle. They listened attentively during the whole service, and appeared to understand something of its import. Mr. Ayliff was assisted in it by Jan Tzatzoe.

It is a lamentable reflexion that this scene should have stood connected with any breach between those who witnessed it with similar delight, and who appeared to be led by it the more to desire and to seek the advancement of the gospel among the Fingoos. Such, however, was the case ; and it is due to myself that I should relate the particulars. Mr. Ayliff requested me to write him a public letter, that he might lay it before his brethren at their approaching meeting, with the view of procuring a Wesleyan Missionary to the Fingoos. I readily complied with this request, as I generally do in similar cases, whether the mode of my compliance may be palatable or not. My primary duty is to discharge my conscience ; and to this duty every feeling of delicacy must give way. I regret I

have not retained a copy of this letter. I described the scene we had both been delighted with, and then adverted to the peculiar position the Fingoes occupied,—the course of conduct that must be pursued towards them,—and the conduct which the Wesleyans generally pursued towards the natives of the colony.

The Fingoes are a poor, despised, and afflicted, people, just liberated from slavery. They are located between the Amakosa on the one hand, and the colonist on the other. The former considers their location an encroachment on his country, and claims their services as his slaves. The latter will be exposed to the temptation of coveting a nice snug farm in their beautiful country, when of course the present proprietors will become his servants. When things become a little settled, will there not be the old story of the colonist coming with a complaint about lost cattle, which he has traced to a kraal of Fingoes? And in these circumstances will he not have recourse to the missionary? Now, if that missionary be a Wesleyan and a Government Commissioner, how will he act?—In the case likewise of his having granted a pass to one of his Fingoes, to enter the colony, and of his discovering that, while there, he is insulted and ill treated, how will he act? The Wesleyan Missionaries will thus be brought into immediate collision with the native and European. Let us glance at their conduct on the frontier for a little, and we shall discover the dilemma in which these circumstances will place them. Their system is interwoven with a constant application to the purses of the colonist on the immediate frontier. Will they not, then, be fearful of hurting their claims here?

In what instance, may we ask, have they taken the side of the weak against the strong, or the side of the poor against the rich, or the side of the native against the European? Their conduct, in reference to the Vagrant Act, is a point in proof. When that iniquitous law, which would have annulled the 50th ordinance, and would have plunged the aborigines into ruin, was proposed and agitated, there was not a Wesleyan Missionary who lifted up his voice to deprecate or condemn it; and, although there were three memorials against it from the district of Albany, there was not a single Wesleyan Missionary who offered to sign one of them. The bulk of the laity of that body petitioned in its favor; and their organ the *Graham's Town Journal* advocated the measure with all its might. What again, I may ask them, was their conduct when the Governor proclaimed the Kaffers "irreclaimable savages," and vowed a war of extermination? They voted him an address; and the only point, on which they made a remonstrance, was his keeping the canteens open. May I not ask them whether preaching to, and instructing, the natives is not rather a secondary object with them on the frontier? May I not ask them whether most of those to whom they entrust their scanty native congregations would be allowed to address any other assembly? And may I not ask them what pains they have taken to become so far acquainted with the language of the natives as to make an address to them at once direct and intelligible?

With these facts before me I wrote them a public letter. In the garbled statement of our difference which they published in their newspaper, they had the dishonesty to with-



hold this public letter, and betrayed all confidence in publishing a private one. My friend Dr. Philip has a copy of this letter, which he will perhaps publish in England. It is now six months since I wrote it, and I have the testimony of a good conscience, that I did so in honesty and godly sincerity ; and I do trust my Wesleyan friends (it is their errors I dislike, not them) will yet live to acknowledge that they have wronged and slandered me, and will yet believe that I pity, while I blame, that I lament, while I expose, their evils.

Time did not permit us to visit the Chumie Institution, as I had engaged to meet, at the Kat River, Mr. Francis Curwin Smith, of the Bengal Civil Service, from whom we parted at Fort Cox. I was, however, in this particular the less disappointed, as I had seen Mr. Chalmers and Mr. Weir, with some other Reverend Government Commissioners, at King William's Town.

#### KAT RIVER SETTLEMENT.

The Kat River (in South Africa the most absurd names to places and rivers abound) takes its rise from the adjacent mountains. It is a fine rapid torrent, combining several streams which take their rise in different parts of the mountain range. On the borders of these streams the settlement is founded ; and, as their waters are not deeply bedded in the earth, but skim over its surface, they are easily led out over the fields and gardens of the adjacent lands. The Hottentots, accordingly, have, in all their locations, a delightful supply of water. When I visited the



settlement, it had not recovered from the ravages of the late war. The extent of existing cultivation, however, was a refreshing sight, and bore a very distinct testimony to the industry and good character of the inhabitants. Once it could be said, "The pastures are clothed with flocks; the valleys also are covered over with corn; they shout for joy; they also sing." Every thing, however, is in a fair way of regaining its former state of prosperity. There is an independence and manliness about the Hottentots of this settlement, which are never attained by those who remain at the institutions. These qualities are the more remarkable: as they were never mixed, as far as I could see, with the slightest indication of impertinence or pride. Their independence, as genuine independence always is, was accompanied by a conduct and spirit at once gentle and respectful, kind and disinterested. They are distinguished by their hospitality, courage, and moral worth, and present all the characteristics of a free and loyal, a virtuous and happy, people.

#### PHILIPTON

is the station of the London Missionary Society at the Kat River Settlement. Mr. Reid, the missionary, was absent; the Colonial Government having refused him permission to return to his pastoral duties in connexion with the people of the station. The reason of this detention, though requested from the government, has never been given; and I never met a person who could give one. All that I have heard is a bundle of absurd suppositions, which have

been promulgated in order to justify this extraordinary interference on the part of the Government with a missionary exercising his functions in a free and British colony.

It was a pleasing sight, on a Sabbath morning, to see the Hottentots descending the surrounding heights, and coming, with their families, to the house of God, neatly dressed, and with cheerful happy countenances, that at once bespoke the power of religion and the blessings it had diffused. The building set apart for worship was crowded; the windows were besieged; and many were obliged to remain outside the door. On the hymn being given out, at the commencement of the service, this fine congregation burst into the sweetest melody I ever heard; they sung with the voice, and with the heart likewise. This part of the service was, in the highest degree, devotional, and was calculated at once to subdue, and soften, and solemnize, the mind.

During prayer, the suppressed sob was heard, which rose to a higher murmur when their beloved pastor was remembered before a throne of grace; and such cries and tears surely cannot fail to reach that high court, where reigns the High and Holy One, who has revealed himself, as "the Hearer of prayer." During the discourse that followed, deep and fixed attention was given by all present; and the word of truth fell upon good ground,—into honest, humble, and grateful hearts. They had been long deprived of the privileges of the sanctuary; and their joy was extreme in being again permitted to be partakers of the heavenly manna in the house of God. About one hundred and fifty remained to celebrate the dying love of the Saviour; and twenty-seven

little children were brought to the minister to be admitted by baptism into the visible church. After the service, Mr. Ayloff told me that, from what he had seen that day, "he was more encouraged in the work of the Lord than ever." I mention this, merely because party spirit runs so high in the colony, that a writer, who shall speak in commendation of the London Missionary Society's labors, has not the slightest chance of being believed by the colonists generally, unless he can produce the testimony of those who are known to have no leaning in its favor.

The schools were languishing in consequence of Mr. Reid's absence. They were, however, kept in existence; and both Mr. Barker and myself were much pleased with the state in which we found them; and we had occasion to remark the wonderful general improvement to which their existence, and their character, bore testimony. The different infants' schools, kept, for the last fourteen months, entirely by Hottentots, without the aid of any European superintendence, were in a more creditable state than those which I visited at the villages of George and Uitenhage. I speak, of course, not of the buildings and apparatus; for, in these things, they were miserable enough, but of the numbers in attendance, the advancement of the pupils, and the character and tone of the instructions communicated.

I here met Mr. Barker, of Theopolis. He had come over for the purpose of conducting public worship, and otherwise ministering to the spiritual necessities of the people.

To Jan Tzatzoe, who had accompanied me from Fort White, we communicated a message from Dr. Philip; in

which he proposed that Tzatzoe should accompany him to England, for the purpose of giving his evidence, before a committee of the House of Commons, on the state of affairs on the eastern frontier of the colony. Tzatzoe took three days to consider this proposal. It was no small sacrifice he was called on to make, in leaving his wife, his children, and his tribe, and going to a strange land and a strange people. The trial was one he felt in all its severity, and one which really put his principles and profession to the test. On the third day he came and intimated his resolution to accompany Dr. Philip to England. He said the sacrifice was great, but that he felt convinced it was his duty to make it, and that he should receive an equivalent to the sacrifice in the benefit he hoped to confer on his nation. We enquired whether he would return to King William's Town, inform Colonel Smith of his resolution, and make the necessary arrangements for his departure. He replied,—“No; not that I apprehend Col. Smith would refuse me permission to proceed, for I have at this moment (taking it from his pocket and showing it to us) a pass from him, permitting me to proceed to any part of the colony I think fit: but, if I go back, it is tantamount to my declining to accede to Dr. Philip's proposition; for I shall never be able to persuade my people to let me go, as they can never understand how it is possible that I should advance their interest by absenting myself from them.” It was, therefore, settled, that he should proceed to Bethelsdorp, where he could wait till his wife joined him to receive his farewell, and whence he could communicate in writing with Colonel Smith to obtain

his sanction, and make every necessary arrangement regarding the discharge of his public duties during his absence.

#### BALFOUR

is another small village of the Kat River settlement. It is at present the place where Mr. Thomson, the established minister of the Dutch Reformed Church, resides. An appropriate church is being erected in another part of the settlement. The place, at present occupied for the public worship of God, is a small building that has been temporarily fitted up for the purpose. I did not see any schools at Balfour.

#### BUXTON

is another small village of the settlement. There are two schools in it, belonging to the London Society; but like those of Philipton, they were languishing for want of superintendence.

#### FORT ARMSTRONG

is the military post, and the place where the chief part of the settlement have been encamped during the war, and have received their rations from government.

#### FORT BEAUFORT

is the head quarters of the officer who commands in these districts. He was absent when we passed: but we were

very kindly and hospitably received by his lady. We were happy to find her exerting herself in various ways for the good of the people of the place. But what does the highest credit to Captain and Mrs. Armstrong is the establishment of schools, and the maintenance of the strictest watch against the introduction of ardent spirits. They regretted that they were without a minister, and requested me to give them a service. To this I willingly acceded, and I had the privilege and the pleasure of addressing a large and attentive audience.

I returned to Cape Town by sea, thankful to a kind Providence which had watched over me during my journey, and had afforded me many opportunities of speaking the word of truth, and, I trust, not in vain.

I freely spoke my mind on all occasions; perhaps, the openness of my disposition led me into difficulties, from which a more reserved caution would have preserved me. Be it so. While there are many things that I have to lament, (and who, in looking back upon his conduct for any space of time, will not have occasion to lament many errors and imprudences?) yet, this I can say, that, in the present testimony I have borne in this colony, I do rejoice, and will rejoice, and that, in all the reproach and abuse, which a low and scurrilous press has heaped upon me, I see, and prize while I see it, a decided and honorable testimony in my favor. From the treatment which it has awarded to Dr Philip, the Superintendent of the London Society's missions in South Africa,—to Mr. Reid, the Missionary at the Kat River Settlement,—and to Mr. Bruce, of the Madras Civil Service, I neither seek nor



wish an exemption.—At the same time, I pray God, that He would be gracious to this colony, and that He would, in His own good time and way, cause a revolution to take place in public opinion, so that the high and honored principles, which we see every day gaining more ground in England, may supercede the low contracted tyrannical feeling which prevails here, and which is at present destroying the peace, happiness, and comfort, both of English and Dutch, Hottentot and Amakosa.

### CAPE TOWN.

Cape Town, in its situation, and in its general state and history, is so well known, that it is unnecessary to enter into any detail respecting them. It is a town of shops. *very town* The demand for articles in the colony can scarcely be sufficient to warrant, or to afford adequate returns for, the number in existence. They contain many valuable commodities; but the poverty of the colony does not admit of their having such a supply of articles as might be desired. A good deal of rubbish from the London, Birmingham, and Liverpool, markets, is brought to the Cape, and finds a sale at prices that range as variously as the Cape Town thermometer.

The Cape merchants, or wholesale dealers, have hitherto been very deficient in enterprize and public spirit. In India, their trade would scarcely be recognized, except as the lowest department of mercantile transactions. As an illustration of this I may mention that no merchant at the Cape imports tea direct from China.\* The colony is supplied either

\* This is wrong, the house of Barra & Co., Thompson and Pellans, imported long before this work was published 120 Lb's. of Tea direct from China. Other houses have also imported direct from China, the Captain ought to enquire, before he makes such bold assertions against the Cape merchants.

by the casualty of a ship happening to touch at this port, with any to dispose of; or, by the merchants in England transmitting to it a little from the London market. The article is always high in price, and inferior in quality. Again, what character have they borne as a part of the community and as a public body? What public testimony have they given, that they are accustomed either to patronize, promote, or establish, an object of general utility; that good understanding and friendly feeling exist amongst them; that the irritation, excitement, and competition, of business, is not allowed to interfere with the general good understanding that becomes them; that party spirit has been merged, or lost sight of, in their anxiety to promote the public weal, or to increase and advance the facilities of trade and commerce? If reference is made to the pier they commenced<sup>\*</sup>, all that can be said of it is, that it remains to this day unfinished, and stands the memento of a character the very reverse of the one we have slightly sketched. They "began to build, but were not able to finish." In one thing, however, the merchants at the Cape and those in India exactly agree. They disregard, in general, the obligations of the sabbath. They are often to be found in their offices on that day, and allege that it is utterly out of their power to act otherwise,—that they have made the trial, and found it impossible to yield obedience to the Divine command in this particular. Oh how true the language of that book, which our merchants, and which the world in general, so neglect,—"The love of money is the root of all evil." Such is the impression left on my mind by the proceedings of the merchants at the

\* *the Captain ought to have <sup>mentioned</sup> that the boys  
the merchants did not begin the build it was government  
if the merchants had been allowed to carry it  
on, they would no doubt have had it finished  
by this time*

Cape. The steam question, however, is lighting up, in some measure, the fire of public spirit. May it be fanned into a flame, that shall consume the evils just deplored. The merchants have only to carry into vigorous effect the all but hackneyed aphorism, that "union is strength," and the high character for enterprise and activity British merchants assume elsewhere, will characterise them here likewise. Strange as it may appear, yet the natural result of individual sacrifice is the advancement of individual interest; and that jealousy, which fears the prosperity of another, is demonstrated to be alike ungenerous and unwise.

The elements of public feeling in the colony, or, as it may more properly be denominated, public animosity, are composed of three distinct exhibitions of hatred. First, the Dutch hate the English; next, the Dutch and English hate the natives; and, lastly, the natives hate the Dutch and English. There are five topics, the mention of which excites the bitterness of colonial feeling:—the emancipation of the slaves; the eastern frontier policy; the vagrant law; the conduct of Dr. Philip and of the London Society's Missionaries; Mr. Fairbairn and his politics. Speak of the emancipation of the slaves; the Dutch are in arms. They go forth blustering in words of violence and wrath, and fight single-handed in its defence. Speak of the eastern frontier policy; Dutch and English bring up their combined forces. The general measures of Government they both agree in condemning as absurd, vacillating, and injurious; but they are so strangely violent, and full of prejudice, that they will allow no one else to condemn them. If, however, an honest man should, notwithstanding, venture

to give an opinion in accordance with these sentiments, he is declared a public enemy, and any observations he may make on the subject, are immediately considered reflexions on themselves. But this is not all. They take the whole odium of these observations on their own shoulders, and crown their absurdities by declaring that Dr. Philip and Mr. Fairbairn placed it there. The vagrant law, the missionary question, and the politics of the *Commercial Advertiser*, bring the same forces into the field, and produce a similar conflict. And on these five questions are the peace and happiness of this unfortunate colony tossed about with so much violence and constancy, that they can scarcely live, and much less, prosper.

The *Commercial Advertiser*, edited by Mr. Fairbairn, is a talented and interesting newspaper. It has made a noble stand for the natives, and in their greatest extremity has fearlessly pleaded their cause, and prevailed against the tyranny that would have enslaved or impoverished them. To the perspicuous and lively manner in which it has taken up, and submitted to the public, subjects of general interest are mainly to be ascribed the Freedom of the Press; the importation of Merino sheep; the exportation of Wool; the institution of the Popular Library for the purpose of raising the lower orders to the rank and privileges of a reading population; and many other useful associations and institutions to which it is needless to refer. The subject of steam-navigation was the last which the paper brought before the public. It was treated at great length and with much ability; and all the success, which the most sanguine could expect or desire, was in a

few weeks realized. The *Advertiser* is radical in its politics, and often gives but an uncertain sound on the subject of vital religion. With all its faults, however, it is a blessing to the colony; and, were it only conducted entirely on christian principles, the blessing would be incalculably greater. Its occasional violence would then become solemn exposition and rebuke; and its able Editor, being fully on the side of God, would carry all before him. The idea that the people of the Cape would never tolerate a religious newspaper,—would be proved to be the timid suggestion of christian soldiers, who had never seen an engagement with the world. The paper would still continue to give the best and earliest news: that would ensure a sufficiently extended circulation; and its Editor, acting under a recognition of the best and holiest restraint, would be preserved from those errors to which the unassisted infirmity of the human mind is ever liable. The sooner that those christian principles, which are valued and approved in private life, are brought to guide public conduct, the better. The higher will the influence of public character be, and the brighter will the lustre of talent shine, when lighted up at the flame of eternal truth, and guided by its heavenly radiance.

The *South African Christian Recorder* is a monthly periodical that has lately been re-established, and promises to do well. It will, I trust, continue, with boldness and without compromise, to advocate the cause of humanity, freedom, justice, and christian truth.

There are many valuable institutions in the Cape metropolis. Its Library would be an ornament to any town.



The room is much too small to contain the number of books, or afford suitable accommodation to subscribers. This will probably be rectified on some future day, when the people, tired of quarrelling with each other, shall have leisure and unanimity enough to seek the advancement of its interests. The Librarian possesses a minute knowledge of the arrangement of the books, and gives them to the subscribers as required, with great readiness and civility.

The Museum is well worthy of inspection. It contains a valuable, rare, and beautiful, collection of the animal, mineral, and vegetable, world.

The South African College, for the instruction of the youth of the colony in classical learning and mathematical science, is an institution of great value. I was much pleased with one of the examinations at which I was present. The students went through their various exercises with much intelligence and great readiness, and appeared to me to have altogether made a very creditable progress in their studies. Mr. Innes and Dr. Adamson are its able and learned professors; and it will, I trust, prosper under their superintendence.

Infants' Schools are flourishing; but their character in Cape Town is far from what it ought to be. A knowledge of vital religion is not communicated in them; nor is any attempt made to infuse its principles into the minds of the children. The schoolmaster is a proficient in the system; but the one thing needful is sadly neglected in his school; and thus, notwithstanding the order established, the useful instruction communicated, and the good effected, the infants' schools in Cape Town hold an inferior place, when



compared with the one, either at Bethelsdorp or Theopolis. An infants' school should be a nursery of piety, as well as a seminary of instruction.

Cape Town, however, is not wanting in a school where vital piety presides over, and mingles with, general instruction. I allude to one formed on the British system, which has lately been established. The children have, in a short time, made wonderful progress. The nicest order and regularity are maintained, and the instruction imparted is of the most useful and important nature. The children are instructed in the duties of servants, both moral and relative. They are taught to work with the needle, and to read, write, and cipher. The system of scriptural instruction is admirable. They commit to memory the scripture passages suggested by their lesson, and thus are taught to bring every subject under the light of Divine truth. They learn parallel passages, too, and thus are taught to make scripture explain itself. These exercises they perform with great exactness, and with a good understanding of their nature and design. It is intended to establish similar schools in other parts of the town; and the greatest benefit is likely to accrue from the introduction of them. The one already in operation does the greatest credit to Miss Buzzacott, the superintendent.

*St. George's Church* is a handsome building. It is, however, surmounted with a tawdry crucifix that detracts from its otherwise tasteful and classical appearance. A fine large congregation, consisting of upwards of a thousand souls, assembles within its walls. I heard its minister several times. He reads the service with great

distinctness and dignity. His preaching, however, is, I regret to say, uncertain, and often unsound.

The *Scotch Church* is likewise a handsome building, and capable of holding six or seven hundred persons. The morning congregation consists of about one hundred and fifty; and, in the afternoon, about a third of that number attend. The minister is a learned and good man. His style of preaching, however, is much against him. It is so metaphysical that he is scarcely intelligible; and this, to an English ear, is increased by his strong Scotch accent and manner. His sermons, consequently, require great effort of the attention, either to understand or to follow; but they are worthy of the attention they thus demand. The mind will receive instruction, and food likewise; but it will be whirled amid all the grandeur and immensity into which the preacher plunges as he proceeds in illustrating his subject. His peculiar manner of address, though perfectly natural and unaffected, confuses the minds of most of his hearers, so that they often leave the church without receiving benefit from truths, which have, nevertheless, been truly, ably, and faithfully, brought to their attention. It is to be regretted that his services at the College should interfere with that ministerial visiting and constant superintendence which his congregation require. In England it has become an axiom that no minister can have a congregation so small, as not to occupy his undivided attention, and employ all his energies.

The *Dutch Reformed Church* is supplied with three pastors. One out of the three is a faithful and able minister of the new testament. This is a cause of thank-

fulness, and a call to christians to bear him in remembrance before a throne of grace, that he may make full proof of his ministry. The post he occupies is one of the highest importance.

In the *Lutheran Church*, there is little either of old Martin's faith or practice.

*Union Chapel* is occupied by an independent congregation. The gospel is faithfully and powerfully preached; and devotion and life are to be found among them.

The *Wesleyan Chapel* is at present supplied by an able and animated preacher, and one who appears to be exerting himself for the good of his people.

The *Dutch Missionary Chapel* is languishing. The missionaries keep private schools; which necessarily ruins the vigor and unity of those efforts which they make in their proper sphere.

The *Mosques* are in a very flourishing condition. The Muhammadan priests are active, laborious, and successful, in their calling; and converts are constantly being added to the faith. Superstition and bigotry have a firm hold of the minds and affections of the people; if the priests continue their labors, (which they are permitted to engage in without any effort on the part of these churches to restrain,) they will, in all probability, have still more abundant success, and inundate the whole town with their pernicious doctrines. Have they not already challenged the churches of Cape Town to meet them in controversy, and to discuss the evidence on which Christianity and Muhammadanism respectively stand? But how have they been met? It is true that two valued servants of the Lord, Mr. Casalis,

a French Missionary, and Mr. Nesbit, one of the General Assembly's Missionaries at Bombay, with other esteemed christian brethren, accepted their challenge,—met them in controversy,—and put them to silence. But those Missionaries are but visitors at Cape Town. One has already left Cape Town for his appointed field of labor; and the other is on the eve of quitting the colony altogether. What are the Missionaries especially appointed to Cape Town about?

Brethren! you do greatly err if you suppose that I write these things with any feeling but that of the deepest interest in your spiritual prosperity, and in that of the general welfare of the colony. Judge ye so of me, that I am even one who loves to tear open the vail that conceals your deformity, and, in the display I make thereof, to find pleasure and delight,—that I love to feast all the envious passions of my fallen and depraved nature in thus hauling before the public your formality, your listlessness, your want of devotion and energy in the service of the Prince of Life? No, Brethren: it is with bitterness of spirit,—it is with shame and confusion of face, I testify the things which I see are come upon the Churches of South Africa. Oh Beloved, yes Beloved for the fathers' sake, as well as your own, what evil days are these, and what a wretched generation is this! Look to the fathers of our churches! What a noble and giant-like race of men were they! What poor pigmies are we! Whose heart thrills not when it recounts the deeds of a Luther in a foreign church, of a Knox in the Scottish Church, and of a Latimer in the English Church? But where, oh where, have these master-spirits gone? Has

faith fled from the earth? Has the Saviour become less worthy of love and devotion now than he formerly was? Do, beloved, show yourselves to be men of God. Do put forth some exertion in this town commensurate to the case, and do awake to the circumstances of the perishing natives around you. Let their degraded condition no longer be viewed by you with all the apathy and indifference that has too long characterized your conduct. Awake to the truth, that their souls are precious, and that the Saviour's blood is efficacious for their salvation. "How shall they call on Him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher? and how shall they preach except they be sent?"

I will not cease, brethren, to pray to the Lord on your behalf, and may you all be stirred up to look well to these things, and to give yourselves wholly to them. "The time is at hand." He, who hath said "Surely I come quickly," is now even at the door. See to it that He find you not slumbering and sleeping, but "looking for, and hastening unto, the coming of the day of God."

#### THE COMING DAY.

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"WHO is this that comes from Edom,  
Stain'd with blood from Bozra's field,  
Cheering on the Church to freedom,  
Him to whom the nations yield?  
Nations bow submissive to his sway  
Ripeu'd for the coming day.

*How in  
the  
Church  
to freedom  
Him to whom  
the nations  
yield?*

Christendom! thy doom is sounded,—  
 Slighted mercy takes her flight;  
 Judgment reigns where grace abounded,  
 Darkness supersedes thy light,—  
 Light for eighteen centuries given,  
 The best and brightest gift of heaven!

Look at Israel's race rejected  
 Scattered by the curse of God;  
 Blood-bought love, by them neglected,  
 Brought them underneath the rod;  
 On thee far heavier guilt is come,  
 Base, apostate, Christendom.

Rapidly thy day is waning,  
 God unsheathes his glittering sword,  
 And, in blood his garments staining,  
 Vindicates his written word.  
 Rush to ruin!—laugh at hell!  
 Blinded by Satanic spell.

Every grade of life disjointed,  
 Princes walk, and servants ride:  
 These are blows at God's Anointed,  
 Efforts of the creature's pride,—  
 Pride, for which Jehovah's frown  
 Hurl'd apostate spirits down.

Sovereign people! source of power,  
 Follow on thy mad career;  
 Wear thy crown thy little hour:  
 Shortly will the Lord appear!  
 He shall terminate thy reign,  
 And restore the earth again.

C. N. FRIENDLY VISITOR.



I have now brought this work to a close; and little did I imagine, when I commenced it, the pain and effort it would cost me. Facts are stubborn, and in this colony they are severe, things. The severity of the animadversions, which in faithfulness I have been constrained to make, is heightened by the character of the facts related.\*

And now, in taking leave of the Colonists, all I have to ask of them is, to give me credit for a sincere desire of promoting their real welfare. In the position of the affairs of this colony are involved questions of the deepest interest and importance. It presents a field for spiritual exertion, that brings the Missionary back to trials and reproaches similar to those which characterized the days of our Reformers. It needs such men to stem the current of public opinion, and advance the cause of God, of truth, and of humanity. If the church in our native lands would send forth some of her undaunted warriors,—some of her pious, learned, and able, ministers,—some of those uncompromising characters that protect and adorn the best of causes there; then, with the brighter political influence that is now rising upon this colony, would her best, her eternal, interests likewise be brightened, and advanced. And, when the excitement which this little work is likely to occasion in the colony,\* as it ignites the combustible material of public opinion with which it comes in contact, has subsided, and when the angry feelings and abusive expressions, to which it may give birth, shall have died away, perhaps it will be discovered that it has lent its willing, though bumble, aid, towards the suppres-

*just as it is  
fact, which  
you have  
mentioned*

*In deed you  
seem to think  
a great deal  
of your little  
work*

sion of that prejudice and party spirit, which it desires to expose and to condemn.

The author will soon be far away from the scenes and people of which he has been writing, and be again engaged in the profession to which the providence of God has called him. But often will his thoughts return to this colony, and linger about the interesting scenes which it presented; and, notwithstanding all the strife which has mingled with his visit, pleasant and joyous will his reflexions be, associated as they are with so much that is kind, and lovely, in the fellowship and sympathy of Christian brethren.



11. J. To  
Cape Town



